Dance and Dancers

June 1950 1/-

Markova and Dolin
(in Italian Suite)

FIRST OF A NEW SERIES OF PHOTO-BOOKS

BACKGROUND TO A BALLET

Ballet from a new angle . . . telling the story of the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in a really NEW WAY. No routine pictures these, but 60 "candid" shots by ace action photographer Louis Klemantaski, with full descriptive text. Shows, for the first time, ballet as the dancers see it

Moira Shearer in her dressing-room at Covent Garden

. . . "All that any ballet lover has always wanted to know about what goes on 'at the back' will be found here."
. . . "*Ballet To-day*"

3/6
From Your Bookseller

or direct from the publisher
3/9
(incl. postage)

Louis Klemantaski Ltd, 8 St. Martin's Place, London, W.C.2

THE
EUPHAN MACLAREN THEATRE SCHOOL

DANCING COURSE consists of classes in Ballet and all modern dancing required for the professional stage. Singing and voice production if required.

COURSE OF DRAMATIC ART
All subjects taught by experienced artists.
Children's classes in all subjects.

New prospectus now available

THE GARDEN STUDIO
10 Scarsdale Villas — Kensington
London, W.8.

Telephone: Western 6605

INTERNATIONAL SUMMER COURSE

for DANCE and
GYMNASTICS
2nd—17th August, 1950
in MACOLIN/Biel

SWITZERLAND

Teachers :

MARY WIGMAN
HARALD KREUTZBERG
Mme NORA/classical ballet
KURT JOOSS
ROSALIA CHLADEK
HILMA JALKANEN (Finland) Gymnastics
HANS ZUELLIG

write to :

Association of Swiss Dancers Secretary,
2, Gotthardstr, Basle-Switzerland.

BRUNELLESCHI

DANCING ACADEMY

Director : Elsa Brunelleschi

BALLET ★ TAP ★ SPANISH ★
CHARACTER AND NATIONAL DANCING
R. A. D. SYLLABUS CLASSES

(inclusive Training for Students)

WESTBOURNE HALL
26 WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.2

BAYswater 3540

To be fully informed about all phases of dance, read the

NEW YORK DANCE NEWS

★ ★

Correspondents all over the world;
Critiques, articles, pictures, gossip.

★ ★

By subscription 10/- per annum post free. Subscriptions accepted by

DANCE and DANCERS

Mersey House, 132/4 Fleet Street,
London, E.C.4

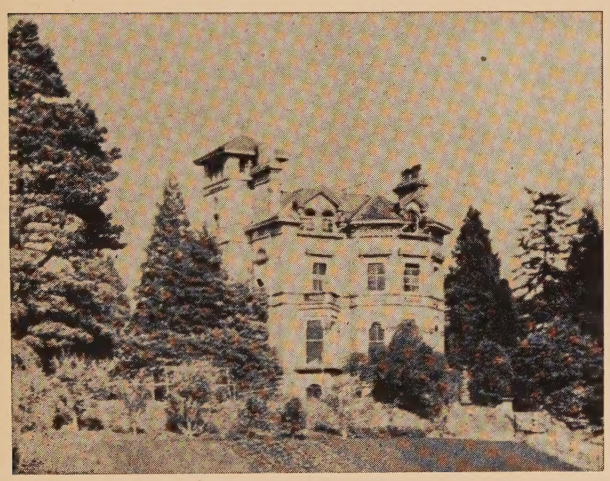
PRIVATE LESSONS
BY APPOINTMENT

DAILY
CLASSES.
PROFESSIONALS
CHILDREN AND
AMATEURS

Patricia SPALDING

PUPIL OF NICHOLAS LEGAT
FROM MARKOVA-DOLIN CO
COVENT GARDEN etc

24 BAKER STREET · LONDON · W·1
Telephone WELBECK 6964 BAYSWATER 1820



The Legat School

The first boarding school in Britain to provide a general education together with a professional training in ballet and music.

Director:
SIR PAUL DUKES, K.B.E.

Principal:
NADINE NICOLAEVA-LEGAT

Prospectus from the Secretary - - Telephone 21673
TUNBRIDGE WELLS - KENT

BALLET MUSIC
General Education

FOR BOARDERS AND DAY PUPILS, 7—18 years of age

BALLET: Under personal direction of Nadine Nicolaeva-Legat, assisted by Valentin Prorowitsch of the Bolshoi Theatre.

The Legat System has produced such dancers as **Anna Pavlova, Nijinsky, Lifar, Massine, Dolin, Markova, Danilova, Eglevsky, Moira Shearer, Alan Carter, Mona Inglesby, Frederic Franklin, Frederick Ashton, Harold Turner** and others.

MIME, MODERN AND CHARACTER DANCING.

GENERAL EDUCATION: Senior Mistress, Miss J. Coleman. Rev. A. C. Sparling, M.A., T.C.D. (and fully qualified staff).

On the lines of a Girls' Public School up to General School Certificate standard. Russian included in language curriculum (optional subject).

MUSIC: Continental method of pianoforte playing under **Valdimir de Briger,** assisted by **E. Soames, Esq., L.R.A.M., L.T.C.L.,** and **Miss Burnet-Smith.** THEORY AND APPRECIATION.

With adaption of new wing vacancies available for Winter Term, commencing September 19th

Teachers' Course is to be held from July 31st till August 7th. Full board and accommodation provided. Examination in the original Russian method R.B.A. syllabus.

BALLET SHOES

Obtainable in all the principal towns of England

PRICE LIST:

	s. d.	(over size 3) s. d.
SOFT TOES		
Canvas (black, white and pink)	9/4	11/8
Leather (black, red, pink and blue)	15/8	19/7
Satin (pink and white)	12/9	15/11
BLOCK TOES		
Canvas (black, white and pink)	9/11	12/5
Satin (pink)	14/9	18/5
Toe protector Pads	2/6 per pair.	

Add postage and packing 1 pr. 6d., 3 pr. 8d., 6 pr. 10d. 12 pr. post free.

Special terms to teachers on application

Every effort is made to dispatch by return of post

by Gamba LTD

46 Dean Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden

The Covent Garden Opera Trust
in association with the
Arts Council of Great Britain
presents:

The Covent Garden Opera
in two cycles of
"DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN"
June 8, 10, 14, 17, 19, 21, 23 & 26
and two performances of
"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE"
June 29 & July 1, and

The Sadler's Wells Ballet
Repertory:
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY
BALLABILE **BALLET IMPERIAL**

Evenings at 7.0 p.m.
Matinees Saturdays and July 5 2.30 (May 27, June 3 & July 1 at 2.0 p.m.)
Box Office 10—7.30 Tem 7961

HOLLAND FESTIVAL 1950

Amsterdam — The Hague — Scheveningen

JUNE 15 — JULY 15

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS - CHAMBER MUSIC - OPERA - DRAMA

Dance and Ballet Performances:

ROSARIO Y ANTONIO : June 16-17-18

GRAND BALLET DE MONTE CARLO (Cie du Marquis de Cuevas) **: July 2 to 15**

THREE GALA PERFORMANCES:

GRAND BALLET DE MONTE CARLO
and TAMARA TOUMANOVA (BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THEATRE DE L'OPERA DE PARIS)
THE CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA—Conductor : **Pierre Monteux**
GISELLE — CASSE NOISETTE — PETROUCHKA
JULY 6-7-9

Detailed programme and Tickets for all performances from Keith Prowse & Co. Ltd., 159, New Bond Street, London, W.1, and all branches.

Apply for full details to the Secretary of The Holland Festival Society, Miss A. Stroobach, 43, Royal Crescent, Holland Park, London, W.11, or the Holland Festival Office, 5, Emmaplein Amsterdam-Z

THE HOLLAND FESTIVAL SOCIETY (*President: The Countess of Harewood*) has been founded to facilitate the attendance of British visitors at the Holland Festival. A 10% reduction on all tickets will be granted to its members. Annual contribution: One Guinea. Apply for particulars and/or membership to the Secretary of The Holland Festival Society.

June, 1950 Vol. I. No. 6

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

Published monthly on the 25th of the month preceding date of issue and is obtainable of all newsagents and booksellers by giving a firm order or by postal subscription : Post free terms. Single copies 1/2. Half year 7/-. $1.00 or Frs. 350. One year 14/-, $2.00 or Frs. 700.

Please state first number required. Back numbers from January are available

MERSEY HOUSE, 132-4, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

EVERYONE who knows me personally and all those who only know me through these pages can now be in little doubt that I love French ballet. I admired it before the war, and the various companies from that beautiful country who have visitied us frequently since 1946 have given me some of the happiest moments in the theatre. Discipline they may lack but their verve, taste, and creative ideas have been a constant source of delight and inspiration. The one person, above all others, to determine the course of ballet in France has been Roland Petit. It was with the greatest excitement that I looked forward to his work for Sadler's Wells Ballet as I felt his approach would be new and healthy.

Ballabile had its first performance at a so-called Gala on Friday, May 5. Had a loving management supplied free champagne, had the ballet been put on as a simple cabaret at half its present length, and for one performance only—then it would have been a gay and amusing trifle to be remembered nostalgically for years. But it is likely to have many performances and the cheapest champagne in the Opera House costs 11s. 6d. a half bottle, so it must be considered as an addition to the repertoire to be sat through solidly to the occasional clink of tea cup and blurble of ice-cream soda.

This "character *divertissement*" starts off with its ten characters at a ballet class; Anne Negus being very funny as the clumsy pupil (aged plush-sitters such as myself thought wistfully of Delarova in Massine's *Scuola di Ballo*). As they do not appear to be making much progress they very wisely decide to spend their Sunday by the river (you are now in scene 2), where they linger so long that sex rears its head in a far less refined manner than is usual at the Opera House. Between scenes two and three somebody appears to have got drowned because they all go to a jolly René Clair type of funeral. It is raining so there is a great display of umbrellas (always an occasion for mirth in France). It must have been Elvin's lover who died because she is mourning in a rather chic manner and she wastes no time in finding another.

However they are all sensible people and refuse to let little worries get them down so they all join a circus ("very French," murmurs a lady behind me) where they presumably live happily ever after, and in the evenings they talk over their impressions of Spain (scene 5), "last year," they say, "Roland Petit made *Carmen*, it was all about Spain, it was very funny. The dances of Spain are very funny, they are so funny that we must all fall down so that the audience cannot see how exhausted we are by this wretched ballet."

If I sound flippant it is because I am biting back my tears at all this waste of talent and good material. Seldom can so much expenditure of energy have amounted to so little.

The object of a *divertissement* is to create different moods, characterisations, and impressions, in dance form. The five varied localities gave wonderful scope for contrast—there was none. Each scene was full of the same clever spiky choreography, completely ignoring the music and interspersed with passages of blatant humour. Lambert's masterly arrangement of Chabrier and Clavé's magnificently mysterious, if over elaborate, décors fought hard to make up for the empty choreography. It was all the sadder because various members of the company who never get a new work created for them, had the chance to show their obvious worth. Elvin looked beautiful; she and Grant did all they possibly could. Negus, Dale and Chatfield showed a rare sense of humour which should be made more use of.

I may say that the first night audience laughed so much they rolled in the aisles so I am obviously alone in thinking that although this is not the biggest hard boiled egg to be laid on the Covent Garden stage it is certainly not the golden one laid by that goose.

★

On every occasion that International Ballet visit central London they get bad notices from the majority of critics. Far from emptying the theatre this invective seems to bring the audience in. On the first night of their season at the London Coliseum, I sat thinking about this as the lengthy panorama of *Swan Lake* unfolded before me. Either the public or the critics have gone wrong somewhere.

Our critics are a motley collection who Ninette de Valois has said she would never have lunch with should they happen to give her a bad notice (what she would do about dinner has never been stated). But underneath it all they are as homely a lot as you would find, with no more vitriol about them than would fill a fountain pen. Poor things, they are so exhausted and bewildered by the continual movement they have to see, on an average of four nights a week throughout the year, that their critical faculties become dulled. They scurry home after a performance, dash off a notice in the small hours, only to find that their papers have cut them completely or slashed them so as to make complete gibberish. In all this helter-skelter it can only be the exceptional that really rouses their interest. In their minds they have rightly set a standard that has to be reached.

The great ballet-hungry public, on the other hand, are ravenous for the full-length classics, most of them know the music and they know that such ballets are lacking in all complication, they want to see dancing and they don't want to have their brains overtaxed. It is difficult to get to Covent Garden and the photographs of long queues waiting for tickets are frightening. Regardless of critics, they do the next best thing which is to crowd into wherever International happen to be playing.

Classics tend to become tedious; they were created for an age with a more leisurely approach. It is only great technical brilliance that makes them interesting today. There is not an overabundance of brilliance in International Ballet but there is a good deal of competence. Mona Inglesby, the principal ballerina, has moments of brilliance, though not enough to sustain four acts (it was not really fair to judge as she was still recovering from an illness). The *corps de ballet* is, on the whole, good. The soloists are weak. The orchestra, no better and no worse than we have come to expect from every ballet company. The settings and costumes do not appeal to me personally but they are not one whit worse than Covent Garden's *Swan Lake* and *Coppelia*. The productions are said to be authentic St. Petersburg and as I was never there I find myself bound to accept them as such. But they are very slow and a great deal of the mime completely meaningless. At one time I accepted the fact that all mime was meaningless, but Madame Evina's Mother of Giselle, with this very company, made me realise that it can be more eloquent than words. To sum up, the company reaches no great heights but it certainly plumbs no great depths.

Their real value lies in taking these massive classics to provincial cities untouched by Sadler's Wells, in this way they are doing a service to ballet that the pioneering Markova-Dolin company did before the war.

★

OUR COVER this month shows Markova and Dolin in *Italian Suite*. Howard Byrne took this photograph specially for us when these two great dancers were at Woolwich during their present tour. For the full story of their lives see the article in our May issue.

Contributors

ANTON DOLIN has written more than any other famous dancer. His published works are mainly autobiographical though his most recent book, *Pas de Deux*, deals with the art of partnering of which he is the acknowledged master. In this issue (page 7) he writes about his first meeting with Nijinsky.

JEAN LAURENT is a Parisian dance critic. He has arranged dance performances at the Paris Opera, The Palais de Chaillot and in many European capitals which showed young unknown dancers who are to-day's stars. He will be writing regularly in *Dance and Dancers* and this month he contributes an article on the two important Giselles at the Opera (page 9).

BAIRD HASTINGS, the American critic, now working in Paris, has written before in these pages when he contributed an article on the Spanish dancer, Escudero. Now he introduces our readers to a new Mime, Etienne Decroux (page 20).

EVAN SENIOR, our music critic, writes about music and the dancer, and the music of Offenbach (page 12).

TATLOCK MILLER contributes an article on Sally Gilmour (page 10).

ELSA BRUNELLESCHI, foremost teacher of Spanish dancing in this country, continues the article she started last month on the dances of Spain (page 18).

Those contributing their opinions of Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial* include JOHN BANBURY from the Stalls; CARYL BRAHMS from the Stalls Circle; JAY NORMAN from the Amphitheatre; CLIVE BARNES from the Gallery. EVAN SENIOR on the music; MICHAEL ASHLIN on the choreography; PETER WILLIAMS on the décor.

Photo on previous page of Beryl Grey in Ballet Imperial *taken by Roger Wood*

My first meeting with Nijinsky

By ANTON DOLIN

THE greatest name among male dancers has passed into history. For nine years, his art enthralled two continents. For 30 years, with his mind clouded in darkness, his name became a legendary inspiration to all ballet dancers, few of whom ever saw him.

His sister Bronia, now in Hollywood, to whom I owe so much in my dancing life, was my teacher in my early days with the Russian Ballet, and although I never saw Nijinsky dance, any work of merit that was outstanding in my career was inspired, first by the man I had never known, and then by the haunting memory of someone I had seen more in a vision than as a living person.

It was the desire of my life to meet this genius of the dance, and during my first season with the Russian Ballet in Monte Carlo, I asked Diaghilev to arrange this for me. As a consequence, when we reached Paris, Madame Nijinsky invited us for tea one afternoon. Arriving at our destination, we faced a block of grey granite flats. I do not remember the address now; I had failed to observe it. My French at that time was very imperfect. All I remember is going up in a lift three or four flights and knocking at a door which was opened by a short, Russian manservant about 30 years of age.

Entering the hall, our hats were taken, and we were shown into the drawing-room. There, sitting in front of us, like a convalescent invalid, was the greatest of all dancers—my inspiration—the man on whom I had built all my ideas, the man whose achievements had always spurred me on in life.

Hardly a word was spoken but, somehow, in this man's face, there was something more expressive than a volume of words. There were the same eyes I had seen in pictures; the same beautiful mouth, the upper lip clean-shaven and dark, hardly any hair on the head at all, white hands that were never still.

This was Nijinsky!

All around the room were portraits. I can still remember Sargent's famous painting of him. There were photographs, flowers in the window, lace curtains—it was almost suburban. And then, above a desk, a doctor's chart recording the varying temperatures of the invalid.

Diaghilev tried to make him speak. Nijinsky wouldn't say one word. He just sat and laughed. I asked him something, and he answered, "Je ne sais pas." Four words that expressed the whole tragedy.

We were there for sixty minutes. It seemed like sixty days.

During tea, Nijinsky would not eat or drink. He seemed powerless to do anything. He looked as healthy as any of us, yet somehow his brain refused to work. He sat in his chair trying to understand. I believe he did understand a great deal, but his brain was tired.

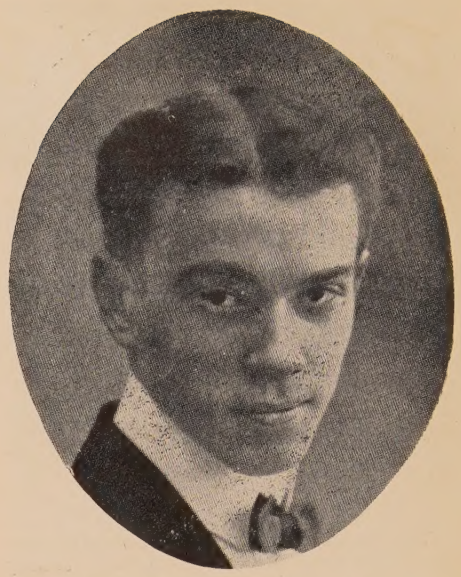
At last we rose to go. By this time I was feeling the strain of the meeting and could hardly hold out my hand to say good-bye. I put my arms on his shoulders. After a moment, he lifted up his hand and, placing it on my shoulders, kissed me on the cheek three times, as all Russians do on leaving. He came to the door with us, said good-bye in Russian and then, when Diaghilev asked if we should come again, nodded his head in a wistful way as much as to say, "I am very, very tired."

During my career, I came in contact with Nijinsky on many occasions, but this will ever remain one of the happiest—and most tragic—moments of my life.

I am very proud that, as a result of the benefit performance I organised at His Majesty's Theatre in 1937, his devoted wife, Romola, was able not only to pay pressing and outstanding bills that were owing to the private sanatorium in Switzerland, where Nijinsky was a patient, but also to give him the first of the Insulin School treatments in Berne. These benefited him greatly. Then World War II broke out, and the famous Dr. Sakel had to leave for America.

There, together with others, Dr. Sakel and I tried to find refuge for Nijinsky, and enable these treatments to be continued. Alas, it was impossible. Happily, two years ago, after privations and dangers in Europe, a home was found by his wife here in England.

A few days before his death he saw his last ballet—Serge Lifar and a few other dancers from the Paris Opera dancing on television at Alexandra Palace.



Vaslav Nijinsky at the age of 23

Friends of mine—they prefer to remain nameless, though their Jewish kindness will not be forgotten by Romola or me—provided a roof and food for this one-time idol of the dance the last few weeks of his life. Many times I have listened to arguments: why should help be needed, and why should Romola, his wife, ask and go on asking for money? The reason is simple. Nijinsky had no great fortune when, through illness, his great art could no longer support him or his family. His years of earning were few, very few.

For 31 years, his wife, admittedly with help, had looked after him, and never deserted him, or the trust he placed in her. It would have been so easy—and so difficult—to have put him in a public institution. Except for a few, he would have been no more lost to the world than he was all these years. The giving of lectures, writing of books, was, for some period of time, a revenue which aided Romola in paying the large fees demanded by private institutions, by doctors, and for the necessary personal valet to look after Nijinsky.

I personally suffered a severe financial setback in 1934 with the production of a play partly based on the life of Nijinsky when, through circumstances, I was forced by Romola to change and, incidentally, ruin my play. I could have held this against her. But when, in 1937, she asked me to organise a Nijinsky benefit performance, I arranged a programme that would not have been possible but for the

(*continued on page* 11)

Nijinsky in Dance Siamoise (*Photo: Librairie de France*)

Curtain Up!

Dancer in the Northern sun—Kjeld Noack, soloist at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen

. . . AND curtain down on MADAME RAMBERT'S head as she stepped forward to make a speech after the first night of the Rambert season at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Mercifully she seemed quite unharmed and unruffled. She reminded the audience that on that same stage she, Frederick Ashton and Sophie Fedorovitch first collaborated in the *Tragedy of Fashion* ballet in Nigel Playfair's revue *Riverside Nights* nearly a quarter of a century ago. Later Karsavina danced with the group which Rambert formed at this historic theatre.

★

The rehearsals for *Ballabile* at Covent Garden were more lively than such occasions usually are in that well organised establishment. One day choreographer ROLAND PETIT walked out because the company refused to stop talking.

Rehearsals seem to vary considerably in different countries. ASHTON found that American companies were rather noisy when he was in New York choreographing *Illuminations* for New York City Ballet. One day he asked everybody to stop talking while he worked out a new passage in the ballet. After a few minutes, thinking it had become unusually quiet, he looked up to find all the dancers had left!

BALANCHINE, who is used to working in noise was rather frightened at all the discipline of the Sadler's Wells Ballet when he was over here to choreograph *Ballet Imperial*.

The mild replica of the chaos that always seems to precede the production of any new work in France must have been a welcome if worrying innovation at the Opera House.

★

The costume designed by Nobili for ROSELLA HIGHTOWER in John Tara's *Persephone* (recently given by the de Cuevas company in Monte Carlo) was too long and too heavy. Hightower was asked to burn the costume so that it would look as though she had just returned from Hades. In her enthusiasm she nearly burned the whole thing up and there was little left. However, she still dances in it. We can think of a number of ballet costumes that should receive this treatment.

Many years ago the great French designer Christian Bérard was dissatisfied with some costumes he had designed. He set fire to them and let them burn until he got the result he wanted.

★

Empire dancer JEANNE ARTOIS has proved that girls are sometimes better at football than boys. The other night she and David Gilbert came on in the *Sylphides pas de deux* to find that a large rubber ball was in the centre of the stage. It had been left behind from the previous balancing act. David Gilbert kicked it and it bounced on to the footlights, back on to one of the wings, then on to the back-cloth. After that the ball trickled slowly down stage centre. Then Artois went into the fray. During a *developpée* she kicked it straight out into the audience.

Fokine's great masterpiece seems to be given under all kinds of conditions. Only last month the de Cuevas company gave it in a football stadium in Monte Carlo. The dancers were so cold they could hardly move.

". . . . and did they dance in football clothes?" asked Richard Buckle when told about it.

★

We have a serious rival. It is called the *Lion's Den* and is edited by Empire dancers JOHN HALL and DAVID GILBERT between their four shows a day. What is more, *it comes out on time*!! If anyone thinks D. & D. or Richard Buckle's proposed autobiography (who's going to be first to offer R.B. £10,000 not to write it?) in any way libellous, we can assure them that they are as mild as Marie Corelli compared to the *Lion's Den* which has as its motto "See all—Hear all—Tell all. Toujour le Scandale." As it is mainly about those people working within the four walls of the Empire, it is unlikely to be understood by anyone outside the family.

Dancers in the Southern sun—Alexandra Danilova and Frederick Franklin at Santa Monica beach during their season at Los Angeles in December

SLAVA TOUMINE (late of Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo) has turned to designing ties. He owns the New York branch of the famous Parisian tie shop—Dominique France. Any moment now you will see the staff of *Dance and Dancers* sporting neckwear with your favourite dancers on them.

★

We hear that there is soon to be a new ballet company floated—and we mean floated. It will go round the world in a luxury yacht dancing in all the ports. And if anyone can think of a nicer life we can't, that is of course provided you are not the type who is sick at the sight of the sea.

LEGS

Over 2,000 entries were received for the LEGS COMPETITION in the April DANCE AND DANCERS but only two entries contained an all-correct line. The readers who successfully paired eight dancers heads with their legs were MISS M. E. WILSON, "Estia," Highdown Road, Roehampton, Surrey, and MR. JOHN HALL, 14, South Terrace, London, S.W.7. They share the first prize of £40. Seven entries contained a line with only one incorrect selection and these readers share the £10 second prize.

The winning line is 10, 2, 11, 6, 12, 1, 9, 8.

TWO GISELLES

At the Paris Opera

An apple has two sides

By JEAN LAURENT

Toumanova (above) and Vyroubova (Photos: Lido, Paris)

THE story of dance has always known of famous artistic rivalries: the duel which opposed Sallé to Camargo was repeated with more roughness between Taglioni and Elssler. The admirers got divided into two camps: Taglionists and Elsslerists. The strife between the "Sylphide" and the "Gipsy" was merciless, but in 1837 Taglioni gave up, and let Fanny Elssler reign alone in the realm of the Opera.

Later on, Diaghilev, who revealed Anna Pavlova and Olga Spessivtzeva, used to say they were the two halves of an apple: Anna Pavlova, the half which ripened under cover; Olga Spessivtzeva, the sun-ripened one. That is exactly the same shade which makes the difference between Toumanova and Vyroubova; when they alternately dance the part of Giselle, at the Opera. Vyroubova is the half of the apple which has ripened under cover. As for Toumanova, she has ripened in the sun at Hollywood.

Both are without contest great stars, but on her becoming a international dancer, Toumanova has lost much of her temper. In the first act of *Giselle*, Vyroubova is a green and loving peasant girl, full of a moving simplicity. Toumanova steps out of her cabin as a star. . . . It's already a woman raptured with love, who throws herself into her lover's arms. Long before the ending of the first act, she already seems to be mad, so intemperate is her playing, and so showy her passion.

I admire indeed Toumanova's technique, her fine *degagées*, her amazing balance—of which she often takes too much advantage, to the detriment of moderation—her natural distinction, and her quite airy dancing.

But in her every role she remains the great Toumanova, without any much care for the character she is "embodying."

Thus, the part of Giselle wants two different and almost contradictory aspects: the reserved little peasant girl of the first act and the incorporeal Willi of the second act.

Vyroubova, in the first act, is the very young girl who has just felt her first love deception: her face keeps a childish naiveté and lets appear a soul-freshness, which easily reaches the mysterious ways of the heart. . . .

Toumanova is an unbridled lover, whose technique is more dazzling than Vyroubova's (chiefly to non-conversant ones), but whose playing is less acute, less subtle, more showy, and now and then, somewhat wanting in taste.

On the bulk of public, Toumanova is of much more effect than Vyroubova. But it is to be regretted that such an artist would obtain easy advantages out of means unworthy of her great talent.

In *Giselle* I have seen the famous scene of Madness danced and mimed by Nina Vyroubova with a reserve and modesty which the lack of any other and melodramatic effect made all the more moving.

When *Giselle* was created in 1841, this scene was less mimed, more airy. Giselle, then embodied by Carlotta Grisi, danced madly till exhaustion and death. Jules Perrot has severed this role and Giselle's death has become a more tragic than choreographic soliloquy.

Out of the purity of her *arabesques*, the airiness of her *équilibres*, the lyric quality of her style, Toumanova gets an easy triumph in the second act. She has such authority and so accentuated temper that she remains Toumanova in both acts. Vyroubova is more reserved: she hides herself, she disappears behind her roles and the characters she embodies. She is by turns a quick and blithe girl, dancing as she breathes; a white shadow, as unfleshy as a ghost, light, unseizable.

In Vyroubova's interpretation, it is easier to detect the contrast between the picturesque first act and the supernatural second.

Toumanova appears to be dazzled by her own radiance; Vyroubova moves the audience through simple means and sincerity.

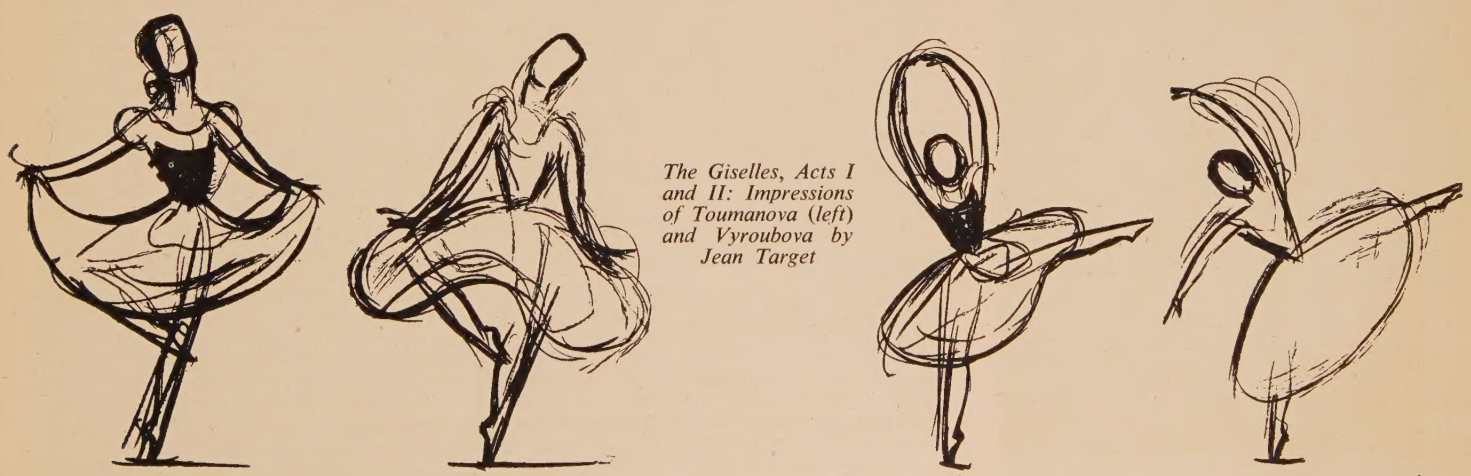
It may be said too that Toumanova is a tragedienne; she puts tragedy into everything. Vyroubova is more reserved in her gifts of expression. She is no dramatic dancer but a dancing soul.

In *Giselle* dance is identified action: every ballerina dreams of dancing this role and of realising the clever balance between the dramatic and the merely choreographic element.

But it is curious how much Russian dancers adore this ballet, all wrapped in northern legend, and German romantic moonlight! Their soul, drowned in the mysticism of old legend, fully understands it.

That may explain the allure of Giselle: she is the ultimate in romanticism.

As for me, I think more of the serenely, poetical quality of the stirring Vyroubova who is no skilled tragedienne but seems to shelter the very soul of Giselle herself, than of the coquettish and brilliant Toumanova.



The Giselles, Acts I and II: Impressions of Toumanova (left) and Vyroubova by Jean Target

Above: *Sally Gilmour, during the tour of Ballet Rambert in Australia* (*Photo: Athol Shmith*)
Below: *In the first act of* Giselle (*Photo: Baron*)

SALLY GILMOUR . .

By TATLOCK MILLER

WITH the transforming of a lady into a fox—"the sudden changing of Mrs. Tebrick into a vixen is an established fact, which we may attempt to account for as we will"—Sally Gilmour changed overnight from an almost unknown eighteen-year-old member of the Ballet Rambert into an acclaimed dramatic dancer. It was the *premiere* of Andrée Howard's *Lady Into Fox*, choreographed after the novel by David Garnett, to music of Honegger with costumes and décor by Nadia Benois, presented at the Ballet Club, on May 15, 1939.

Since that first haunting metamorphosis Sally Gilmour has developed into a dancer with a singularly sensitive and entirely individual quality difficult to define. With a classical technique far surpassed by Toumanova, her *Giselle*, especially act one, moves to tears; Toumanova's to an outburst of applause. The secret of this subtle power to move us lies, I consider, in a highly sensitised talent which allows her to sink completely herself and to become deeply absorbed into a role. The lady *becomes* fox. She *is* Giselle, far removed from and incapable of any great technical *tour de force*.

It is now several years since audiences in England have seen Sally Gilmour dance. After her performance at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, at the close of the Ballet Rambert's Australian tour in 1948, she retired into private life as the wife of Dr. Allan Wynne. Her son was born in November last year. But now we are seeing her as a dancer once more. She has returned as a guest artist with the Rambert Company, with which she has danced for sixteen years. Her first return performance was given during that company's season at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre in Paris, which started at the end of May. She is dancing her now famous roles of *Fox* and Tulip, the black-girl, in Andrée Howard's other Garnett ballet, *The Sailor's Return*.

Sally Gilmour was born at Sungei Lembing, in the Malay Peninsular, in November, 1921. Her father, a doctor at a hill station, was later appointed bacteriologist at Singapore, where she lived until the age of nine. From the age of three she attended Miss Wright's Dancing Academy and at that tender age, as Miss Muffett, had her first press notice.

"Of course she's going on the stage," her father told everybody.

"The next year I was a star in a constellation of stars," she told me. "I was always copying the older dancers and could learn quickly. Then my father took me to see every performance of Pavlova. And that experience, as for so many others, made me more than ever determined to become a dancer."

In 1930 the Gilmours came to England and at nine their determined daughter was occupied with lessons from Karsavina. "I worship her," says Sally. "More than all else she made me conscious and aware of the spiritual quality of dancing."

Then, at the age of twelve, she went to Madame Rambert's school and had to wait two years before she could give a public performance.

"That first morning I stood outside the Mercury door half an hour late for my first class and terrified. I arrived in a black tu-tu—the others all wore tunics—and 'Mim's' comment was unforgettable. No, I won't tell you."

Leo Kersley, Celia Franca, and Deborah Dering were then also in the class. She also had lessons from Anthony Tudor.

"From Madame Rambert I learned never to be frightened of anything—even of my first performance, on a Sunday night, in *Mars and Venus*, as an attendant, wearing a sari-like costume which I liked enormously. I was still a school-girl at Challoner, in Queen's Gate. where Pearl Argyle had also gone to school, I danced several more attendant roles, in *The Descent of Hebe*, as a pink nymph and in *Facade*."

Later came Maria in *Cross-Gartered*, Little Red Riding Hood in *Aurora's Wedding* and in Susan Salaman's *Rugby*.

As Peter in Frank Staff's Peter and the Wolf (*Photo: Joan Harvey*)

Andrée Howard's *Lady into Fox* was being created and everything planned for the choreographer herself to take the incredibly difficult role of Sylvia Tebrick who had to transform herself suddenly into a vixen. "Andrée, about a fortnight before the opening night, was ill. Madame Rambert said, 'Try Sally.' I was called out of class and told, 'Andrée wants to try something.' I was to have been one of the ladies in riding habit. She explained the part to me, gave me Garnett's book to read and it moved me deeply. I could feel myself in the curious sequence of events. I was only eighteen but from the very start I was not nervous nor was I ever apprehensive about dancing it. Since then I have felt a great change in the role as I have grown older. It is always that moment in the garden where I become more fox than woman which, for me, is the greatest moment in the whole ballet. Andrée made me be like a cat first, before I was a fox."

I saw her first performances. I have always been amazed by her brilliant vulpine simulation. Rather than a ballet critic's praise, in this instance one prefers to quote Julian Huxley: "It is the work of genius," he said. "Not only are her movements astonishingly fox-like, but she has caught the spirit of a captive animal to a remarkable degree. Come to the Zoo and study the foxes there. But you will find that Sally Gilmour is much better than they are, because the real animals are used to captivity."

the fox returns

As Mrs. Tebrick turned into a fox in Andrée Howard's Lady into Fox. *This is the role that made her famous. On Thursday, May 4, during the Rambert Season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, she made a surprise return replacing Paula Hinton who was ill. The audience was very moved and she got a great ovation. It was again realised how much this role is indebted to her* (*Photo: Baron*)

Then followed Andrée Howard's *Death and the Maiden*, a small chamber work first produced at the Duchess Theatre, London, to Schubert's Quartet in D Minor. As the Maiden, Sally Gilmour in her dancing sensitively translated a tragic subject which suggested suffering, fear and the awareness of death.

Again a sombre mood. Walter Gore created his *Confessional* for her. It is a work performed by a single dancer, telling a grief-stricken and tense story of a betrayal, set to a poem of Robert Browning and Sibelius' music. It was first produced at the Oxford Ballet Club in 1941 and presented at the Arts Theatre later in that year, creating something of a furore as it uses the accompaniment of the spoken word.

During their close and long association, Gore has created many roles for her, such as "Hysterics" in *Concerto Burlesco*, first produced at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in 1946, to angular music of Bartok cleverly orchestrated by Arthur Oldham; in *Winter Night*, premiered in Melbourne; as Pretty Polly in his *Mr. Punch*; and in *Simple Symphony*, to music of Benjamin Britten, and first produced at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, in November 1944. She also danced leading roles in Andrée Howard's *Mermaid*, the ballet based on Hans Andersen's story and set to Ravel, Anthony Tudor's *The Descent of Hebe*, to music of Bloch, in Frank Staff's enchanting version of Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* and in Frederick Ashton's *Mephisto Valse*.

It was following the first season of *Fox* that Madame Rambert said to her: "Now you must really start working!" She was disciplined into *Swan Lake*. "I like the classics but they are not my metier," she says. Mme. Rambert prepared her for six months before allowing her to dance *Giselle* Act II. "The second act always terrifies me but *Giselle* is perhaps my favourite of all roles because it is a completely satisfying ballet for the dancer."

With the previous classic and with *Fox*, Howard's more recent *The Sailor's Return*, are her three most outstanding roles. The last, also, of course, based on a Garnett story, to Arthur Oldham's score, was first produced by the Ballet Rambert at Sadler's Wells, in June, 1947. Although some say "there is not enough dancing in this ballet," Sally Gilmour says herself that "in it you never seem to stop dancing and it is a long part." As Tulip, the daughter of the King of Dahomey, who marries a sailor and returns to his English village with him, she gives one of her most sensitive characterisations and most moving performances, managing to convey balletically the "all down and close to the earth" movement of negro dancing as opposed to the "all up in the air" of traditional ballet.

Modestly, sincerely and quietly, Sally Gilmour, whom I have known as a friend for a number of years, told me the other night, "I could not have done anything without Madame Rambert, either in the theatre or, in fact, out of it. She has done so much to make me whatever kind of person I now am." And she pays tribute to Walter Gore who for ten years has so often been her partner and who has created so many roles for her. "He has a tremendous sense of theatre and whatever dance he has made for me every movement has been natural to me, rhythmic and musical."

As Tulip in Andrée Howard's Sailor's Return, *based on David Garnett's book* (*Photo: Duncan Melvin*)

DOLIN on NIJINSKY

(*Continued from page seven*)

generous and completely unpaid aid given by all the great artistes who contributed to it.

Today there will be criticism—I have heard it already—that as she was so often asking for money to help him, how could she have afforded to place Nijinsky in the exclusive and presumably expensive London Clinic, where he died? Why did she not take him to a hospital where death would have been cheaper?

Romola had met Vaslav Nijinsky as a "god of the dance," a genius. For years, she had managed somehow to provide comfort and was for ever seeking specialists who could perhaps take the clouds from his mind. How nearly she succeeded, only those know who saw him in the past few years, as I did. He died at the comparatively early age of 60, never knowing, even if he were capable of knowing, how difficult life had become.

He died as befitted a great man, and though there is much more that could be said, let us give praise and sympathetic affection to a brave and loyal wife, whose unflagging devotion to a tragic cause and a loved one never failed, who bore an unknown martyrdom of thirty long, weary years, for ever seeking comfort; indeed, a refuge for her husband, which was found at last, but only in death.

Music . . . . . by EVAN SENIOR

"One, two, three, four . . ."

MANY years ago I was sitting in the gloom of the pit stalls of a theatre during a morning rehearsal. I was not supposed to be there, and if the world-famous ballerina on the stage had known that she had any audience I doubt whether she would have dropped her veil of "sweetness and light" as completely as she did on that occasion.

The rehearsal had stopped. The tiny figure of the great lady of the dance stood at the edge of the footlights, and the countenance that so often, on the stage and in photographs, had expressed languorous sadness at the sorrows of the soul was contorted with demoniac rage.

The tempo was wrong, absolutely wrong! It must go more slowly! How dared the conductor take it at such a speed! It could not possibly be danced!

"Madame," replied the conductor soothingly, "it was not I who wrote it at that speed—it was the composer."

And Madame, who only half an hour before had given the local Press a charming interview on the subject of what music meant to her and how she could feel the thoughts of the great musicians in terms of movement on the stage, proceeded in the best Billingsgate-French to tell conductor and orchestra just what she thought of them, of composers, and of musicians in general. "And remember," she concluded with a snarl, "I am not paying for what Tchaikovsky wanted—I am paying for what *I* want!"

I often think back over the intervening quarter of a century when I hear some ballerina or other described as "musical." What, I ask myself, does it mean? Does she understand music? Can she read a fifteen-part score as easily as she can skim through her own first-night notices? Does she feel instinctively the subtle tempo and rhythm changes of a rising crescendo phrase or the even more complicated nuances of a falling rallentando?

Obviously, when you watch her, she doesn't. Some ballerinas can "keep in time" to the music and some can't. It would be much simpler to call it that and be done with it. Tempo—keeping in time—is one thing; rhythm in music is something else, something which has nothing to do with the metrical time-beat drummed into dancers at the *barre* with the "one—two—three—four—Mary—keep your—knee—straight" of the teacher's monotonous counting.

The sorry fact is that few dancers are musical, in the real sense of the word. I have heard even the most "musical" dancers of my personal acquaintance express irritation at the correct performance of a Chopin mazurka, simply because it did not happen to be played at the same speed and with the complete lack of what musicians call "rhythm" as it is in a performance of *Les Sylphides*.

And as for "musical" choreographers——? It has taken only one work by a truly musical creator of ballet to show us beyond a shadow of doubt just how "musical" most of our own choreographers are, and how they are utterly incapable of the least understanding of any music beyond the pleasantly trivial and superficial.

A Can-can dancer by Constantin Guys, whose drawings record the Second French Empire of Offenbach so faithfully. Guys was an artist who never got much recognition in his lifetime though his friend Baudelaire, the most famous poet and critic of his day, predicted that posterity would consider these drawings to be among the precious documents of civilised life. Guys worked for several years on the staff of the Illustrated London News. *He died in poverty in* 1892, *forgotten by all except a few friends*

Composer of the month

JACQUES OFFENBACH

THE re-creation of *Gaieté Parisienne* by Massine for International Ballet has once more brought the delicious tunes of Offenbach back into the repertoire of English ballet.

Music has such an all-embracing range that you cannot tie it down to any one subject. There is music that is deep philosophical thought or mystical experience, music as sternly descriptive as the newspaper report of a Cup Final, and music as joyous and as delightfully inconsequential as the sophisticated inanities of Brahms and Simon.

Offenbach did not write the score of *Gaieté Parisienne* as such. It is a concoction—and what a glorious concoction—of tunes from his many dozens of compositions. But because Offenbach himself was of a type, so is his music, and the bits and pieces can be joined together into a kind of summing up of his period.

Jacques Offenbach—nobody seems quite sure of his real surname (Offenbach was an adopted name) was born in 1819 and was the son of a Jewish synagogue cantor of Cologne. He came to Paris as a young boy, and began to study the 'cello. After only a year of the drudgery of study, he gave it up when he was 15, and his teachers reported that he had "no taste for serious study."

So he got himself a job as 'cellist in the orchestra of the Opéra-Comique, and because he was more a practical man than a student, he obviously learned a lot more in that orchestra-pit than the savants of the Conservatoire were able to drum into his head.

He began to write a few songs, some of which had great success in popular musical shows, and he formulated for himself the motto: *Le savoir-faire vaut mieux que le savoir*, which, in this case, we might best translate as: It doesn't matter what you don't know as long as you can get away with it. And that method sometimes works, particularly if you're dealing with people who also "don't know."

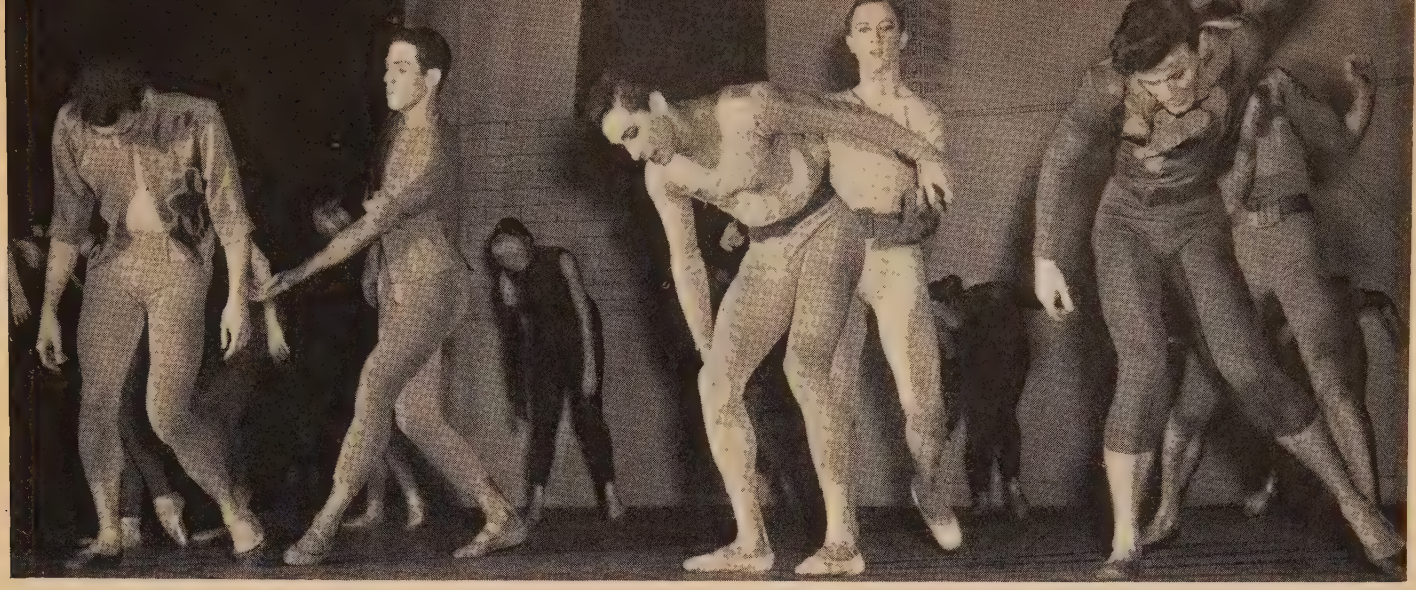
One thing Offenbach *did* know, and that was what the pleasure-minded Parisians and tourists of his day wanted. It was the period of the French "Empire," when the expression Gay Paree first began to be used all over the world. Offenbach took the comedy style of Italian music, the style which had so influenced Mozart and others and had passed through the waltzes of Vienna—and gave it a kick which was more French than the French themselves.

From the beginning of his real career, when he produced his first operetta *Pepito* in 1853, he turned out an almost continuous stream of ninety musical shows in the next twenty-five years, all of them successes. Paris and its visitors flocked to these gay and fluffy little works, and their tunes spread all over the world.

In fact, it was the Offenbach boom that was first responsible for our own Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The astuteness of manager D'Oyly Carte saw that people wanted the Offenbach type of light musical comedy, but without the "indelicate" touch to which the more puritanical English would object—at least as far as their wives and daughters were concerned! The can-can was quite all right for father's week-end in Paris, but it was hardly a family affair for Victorian Britain!

The last years of Offenbach's life led him to a type of music a little more serious, and he worked for years on the score of his opera, *The Tales of Hoffmann*. He finished it just before he died in Paris late in 1880; but his dearest wish, to see it produced, was not fulfilled, for it was not until four months later that the work opened and immediately won the popularity it has held throughout the years.

Offenbach also wrote another more serious work, a pantomime-ballet, *Le Papillon* (The Butterfly), which in 1860 won him the honour of being represented on the august stage of the Paris Opéra.



New Ballets

AGE OF ANXIETY

First given by the New York City Ballet at New York City Centre on Sunday, February 26, 1950. Choreography by Jerome Robbins; Music by Leonard Bernstein; Costumes and scenery by Oliver Smith. Work based on a poem by W. H. Auden

Cast included: Tanaquil LeClercq, Francisco Moncion, Todd Bolender, Jerome Robbins, Yvonne Mounsey, Pat McBride, Beatrice Tomkins, Melissa Hayden, Herbert Bliss, Dick Beard, Shaun O'Brien and Edward Bigelow.

EXPLANATION OF THE BALLET BY JEROME ROBBINS

PART ONE:

(*a*) THE PROLOGUE finds four lonely characters, a girl and three men, in a Third Avenue bar, all of them insecure, and trying, through drink, to detach themselves from conflicts, or, at best, to resolve them. They are drawn together by this common urge and begin a kind of symposium on the state of man. Musically the Prologue is a very shor section consisting of a lonely improvisation by two clarinets, echo-tone, and followed by a long descending scale which acts as a bridge into the realm of the unconscious, where most of the poem takes place.

(*b*) THE SEVEN AGES. The life of man is reviewed from the four personal points of view. This is a series of variations which differ from conventional variations in that they do not vary any one common theme. Each variation seizes upon some feature of the preceding one and develops it, introducing, in the course of the development, some counter-feature upon which the next variation seizes.

(*c*) THE SEVEN STAGES. The variation form continues for another set of seven, in which characters go on an inner and highly symbolic journey according to a geographical plan leading back to a point of comfort and security. The four try every means, going singly and in pairs, exchanging partners, and always missing the objective. When they awaken from this dream-odyssey, they are closely united through a common experience (and through alcohol), and begin to function as one organism. This set of variations begins to show activity and drive and leads to a hectic, though indecisive close.

PART TWO:

(*a*) THE DIRGE is sung by the four as they sit in a cab *en route* to the girl's apartment for a nightcap. They mourn the loss of the "colossal Dad" the great leader who can always give the right orders, find the right solution, shoulder the mass responsibility, and satisfy the universal need for a father-symbol. This section employs, in a harmonic way, a twelve-tone row out of which the main theme evolves. There is a contrasting middle section of almost Brahmsian romanticism, in which can be felt the self-indulgent, or negative, aspect of this strangely pompous lamentation.

(*b*) THE MASQUE finds the group in the girl's apartment, weary, guilty, determined to have a party, each one afraid of spoiling the others' fun by admitting that he should be home in bed. This is a scherzo for piano and percussion alone (including harp, celesta, glockenspiel, and zylophone) in which a kind of fantastic piano-jazz is employed, by turns nervous, sentimental, self-satisfied, vociferous. The party ends in anticlimax and the dispersal of the actors. A kind of separation of the self from the guilt of escapist living has been effected, and the protagonist is free again to examine what is left beneath the emptiness.

(*c*) THE EPILOGUE. What is left, it turns out, is faith. The trumpet intrudes its statement of "Something pure" upon the dying pianino; the strings answer in a melancholy reminiscent of the Prologue: again and again the winds reiterate "Something pure" against the mounting tension of the string's loneliness.

Throughout the Epilogue the piano-protagonist has taken on a part, but has observed it, as one observes such development on a movie-screen, or in another human personality. At the very end he seizes upon it with one eager chord of confirmation, although he has not himself participated in the anxiety-experience leading to this fulfilment. The way is open; but, at the conclusion, is still stretching long before them.

(*Above reading from left to right*) — *Shaun O'Brien, Francisco Moncion, Herbert Bliss, Todd Bolender, Dick Beard.* (Right) *Todd Bolender with Tanaquil LeClercq.* (Below) *Members of the corps de ballet* (*All photos: Ed Carswell, Graphic House*)

The opening moment of the ballet. The men walk formally over to the girls, bow, and the dancing starts

BALLET I

First given at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on Wednesday, April 5, 1950. Choreography by George Balanchine; music by Tchaikovsky (Piano Concerto No. 2 in G Major); scenery and costumes by Eugene Berman.

Cast

Margot Fonteyn — Michael Somes
Beryl Grey — Nadia Nerina — Pauline Clayden
John Field — Kenneth Macmillan
Rowena Jackson, Rosemary Lindsay, Gillian Lynn, Gerd Larsen, Valerie Taylor, Christine du Boulay, Lorna Mossford, Julia Farron, Anne Heaton, Jill Gregory, Dorothea Zaymes, April Olrich, Avril Navarre, Margaret Dale, Anne Negus, Margaret Sear
Kenneth Melville, Phillip Chatfield, Gilbert Vernon, Brian Shaw, Richard Ellis, Bryan Ashbridge
Solo Pianist .. .. Angus Morrison

MUSIC

FOR so long I have been waiting for my ideal ballet—a ballet which perfectly integrated music, décor and choreography. The nearest I had come to finding it was in Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco*. Now it is here.

Imperial is the correct word for this work—the only word to describe a ballet of nobility, made from dancing that grows logically from music, which captures every nuance of that music. Balanchine has shown that not only is he a choreographer in the grand style but also that he has a mind that works musically.

He has used what is, certainly, a musical work of little greatness, but one of marked bravura quality. It might be thought that such a translation would be simple. Any musician who understands anything of ballet might think it so. But the artistic horrors committed on the Covent Garden stage to the music of other composers have shown that the choreographer is lost without musical knowledge, feeling and understanding, however correct his dancing may be on its own.

Balanchine has taken a virtuoso concerto which has a feeling of struggle, suspense and atmosphere, and created to it a ballet which absorbs the music and follows it, moulded and controlled by it at every second, and interpreting (I hate the word but there is no other) not only emotional content but musical form and construction.

Only last month I had occasion to write that ". . . . the best ballet is, perhaps, that which is dictated by music, which grows naturally from music rather than from any of its other components." I have been looking at new ballets for more than twenty years, always hoping that before my eyes dimmed I would be able to see a ballet which entirely fulfilled my ideal.

Now I have seen it.

EVAN SENIOR

CHOREOGRAPHY

CREATED by a choreographer of genius and containing the essentials of the great tradition of Ivanov and Petipa, *Ballet Imperial* is the epitome of classical purity. The choreography gives form to the music, and the music gives substance to the dance. The meaning of the ballet is the personalities of the dancers, set like varied gems in the crown which is the classical tradition and the idea of this ballet.

The choreography, both in group and individual movement, is a crystalline and monumental design; from whatever point the ballet is seen the pattern is never lost for a moment. The steps and *enchainements* have a quality of well tempered steel, pure and brilliant while the thrust and attack with which they are generally performed creates an accumulating excitement, as if one were seeing a duel between the will of the dancers and the limitations of human nature.

With these characteristic qualities are beautiful little touches which present conclusively the slight theme and style of the ballet. The many entrances and exits, made at a slow stately walk either from an empty stage or down a rank of dancers, are most effective. So is the noble opening, where *danseurs* and *danseuses* address themselves courteously to each other before dancing. There are also momentary poses which are quite lyrical and little passages of mime for the *premier danseur*, touches which add an elusive and romantic flavour of tenderness.

In only one respect has the company not done justice to itself and to *Ballet Imperial*, and that is in the leading role. None of the interpretations has seemed quite right, although in giving not exactly the right thing, Fonteyn gave more than did Shearer or Elvin. Beryl Grey gives a fine performance, broad yet well and precisely styled. The *corps de ballet* though occasionally inexact (when seen from above especially) dance with a joy and vivacity which we have not seen before.

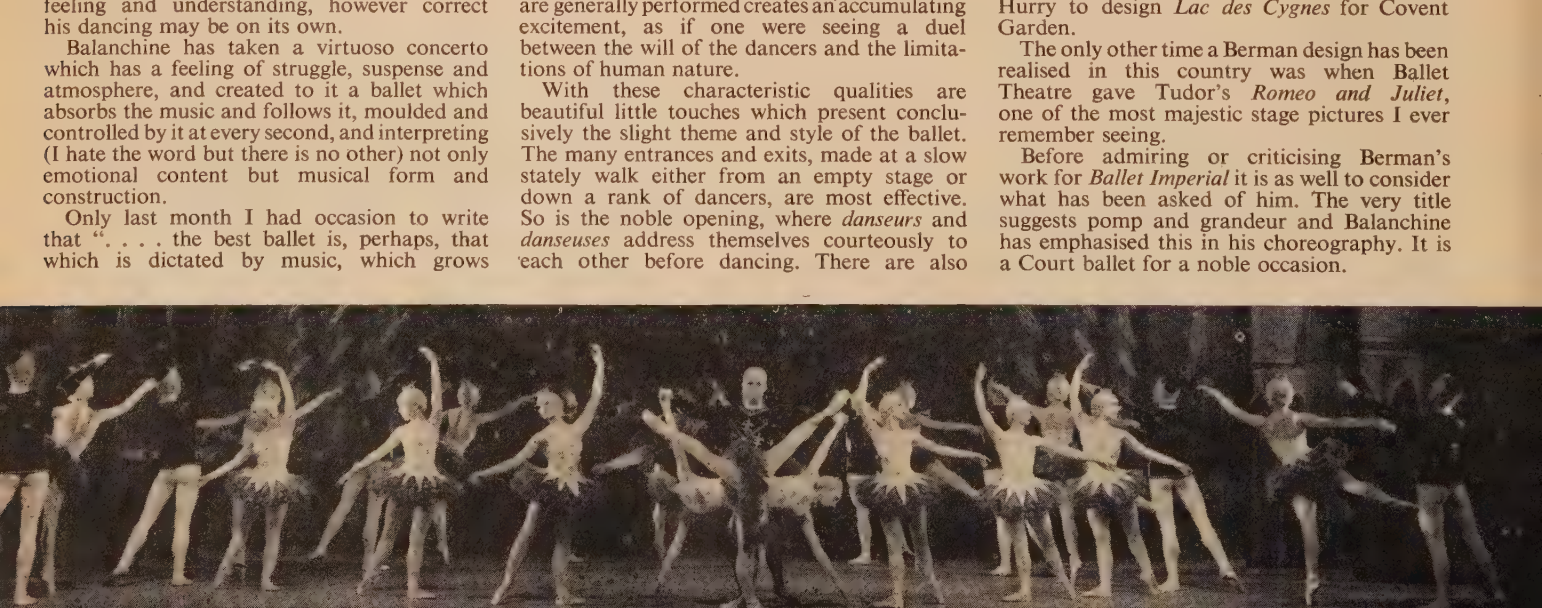
MICHAEL ASHLIN

DECOR

EUGENE BERMAN was born in St. Petersburg and there he saw ballet at a time when the word Imperial could still be applied to Russian ballet. So steeped is he in the splendour of the Renaissance and Baroque theatre that it was as foolish to commission him to design *Giselle* (De Basil 1942, but never used until 1947 by Ballet Theatre) as it was to commission Leslie Hurry to design *Lac des Cygnes* for Covent Garden.

The only other time a Berman design has been realised in this country was when Ballet Theatre gave Tudor's *Romeo and Juliet*, one of the most majestic stage pictures I ever remember seeing.

Before admiring or criticising Berman's work for *Ballet Imperial* it is as well to consider what has been asked of him. The very title suggests pomp and grandeur and Balanchine has emphasised this in his choreography. It is a Court ballet for a noble occasion.



PERIAL

The setting, with its gold embossed drapes, its predominating eagle and perspective of garlanded turquoise pillars, could have been overladen and overpowering. But because of Berman's taste and sense of tone values, it remains what it should be—a background for dancing.

The costumes of the *corps de ballet* form part of the setting—white bodices embroidered with gold stars and coffee-coloured tutus for the girls; white tights, black tunics with a white design, for the boys. All help to throw the principals into relief. Beryl Grey has a beautiful black and white tutu which every designer should study with envy.

For the principal ballerina (Fonteyn, Shearer or Elvin) the glittering yellow is not so happy and even with the following "spot" it never stands out.

Just as everything seems to be getting slightly monotonous, two soloists in green and black appear. A stroke of genius and a new focal point. Another relief is afforded by the blue tights of the principal male dancer with his gold embroidered black tunic.

In a work of this kind it is essential that there should be unity of head-dress. The white wigs would be a good idea if they fitted properly. Nobody except Beryl Grey looks right.

When, oh when, is the lighting going to be better at Covent Garden? Three years ago, during the visit of the Vienna State Opera, we saw the stage lit as it should be. Cannot this be achieved with our ballet? The all-pervading greyness is unfair to designer, dancer, and the eyes of the audience.

PETER WILLIAMS

FROM THE STALLS

AN exhilarating, triumphant evening. To the music of Tchaikovsky's G major piano concerto, Balanchine has devised a modern apotheosis of the classical dance.

Ballet Imperial has no story and no prose; the dances of soloists and *corps de ballet* are woven into a single pattern of pure classical dance; and its total effect is of the emotional intensity of a wonderful *pas de deux* extended throughout the whole length of the ballet and the dancing of the whole company. Indeed, though the richness of invention never really flags, it is at its best in the concerted movements of the *corps de ballet* rather than in the solo dances.

The performance as a whole was worthy of the ballet. The outstanding performance of the evening was that of Beryl Grey, who danced with ease, assurance and fluidity. Fonteyn, well partnered by Somes, never seemed wholly at ease in her very difficult role, though giving us some fine moments. The *corps de ballet* (despite a little raggedness due, perhaps, to under-rehearsal) rose to the occasion admirably, the men in particular, dancing with a fire and vigour which made one say, happily for once, "how times have changed!"

JOHN BANBURY

. . THE STALLS CIRCLE

WATCHING this noble ballet—a rite in which every balletgoer present takes part—as much an act of homage to the Imperial Russian Court tradition as it is a means of displaying the accomplishment of the present company, is as exhilarating as taking a walk in the Cotswolds on a frosty morning.

With sparkling entrées, scintillant solos, *pas de deux* of exceptional intricacy and *ensembles* in which each separate dancer glitters with the fixed determination of lesser stars in the ineffable ballet of the firmament, *Ballet Imperial* is a beautifully modelled jewelled toy, fit offering to a Czarina, displayed by Bijoutier Balanchine against the smooth black velvet of our national ballet, lending the company a new lustre and a new dignity.

In this *tour-de-force* which Balanchine has created to the icing-sugar music of Tchaikovsky's second piano concerto, the solos and *ensembles* are designed objectively, as in classical rather than in symphonic ballet, and its features, as in all classical ballet, are based on the special qualities of the ballerina—the line of her arabesque, the unfolding of her *developé* (not here employed to any marked extent), her pace and poise and beats and turns. Balanchine has exploited these features in sequences of great beauty.

Only in the finale does the ballet, so prodigal of climax elsewhere, fall back on dancing cliché and lack surprise and drama. But how admirably does the work take the great spaces of the Opera House stage.

I am reminded of the Fearlessly Modern Choreographer who asked me what I supposed was wrong with one of those Swan-Lakes on one of those postage-stamp stages.

"What?" I hedged.

"Insufficiency of voids," announced the Fearlessly Modern One fiercely; meaning "Not enough space"—a phrase that has summed up many a small-stage ballet for me since.

Watching the ground-design of *Ballet Imperial* I must say I saw what he meant.

And on the first night Fonteyn danced with the smoothness of steel without wholly entering into that state of authority that this ballet extends to any executant fortunate enough to dance it. Somes, who is fast becoming an actor-dancer, was less lovingly served. Beryl Grey whose flowing movement and neat execution made each swift passage across the stage a gay *arioso*, achieved the personal success she so richly deserved. And the faithful have received a much-needed stimulus from this exciting work.

CARYL BRAHMS

. . . THE AMPHITHEATRE

THE "mathematics of the dance" are perhaps only really moving to those who enjoy mathematics. *Ballet Imperial* is a work of the mind rather than of the heart. There are many complicated groupings and *enchainements* but the work remains as distant as a starlight sky on a frosty night.

Ashton's work is most moving when he makes use of sustained lifts but Balanchine dispenses with this choreographer's aid to serenity of mood and achieves his effect by the brilliant exploitation of *terre-a-terre* movement. He builds objectively on the music instead of on its inner pulse.

The décor and costumes are noble. From the upper part of the house the costumes and wigs give the appearance of swamping the dancers and from this viewpoint at least it seems as though suggestion rather than imitation would have been more effective.

One remembers this ballet as a restless, strangely monotonous work. There are moments when Fonteyn almost makes one believe that it lives, because of her superlative control and her expressive face; Grey, too, because of the musical purity of her dancing.

JOY NORMAN

. . . THE GALLERY

BALLET IMPERIAL has given Europe the most brilliant spectacle since the fireworks of the Crystal Palace. Its choreography is essentially musical and perfectly integrated. Every movement flows from its predecessor with apparent inevitability; static groups, *soli* and *ensembles* come together and slip apart always revealing a new beauty, as though we were gazing down a magic kaleidoscope.

When analysed the movements can be seen to be based on the standard classical vocabulary, flavoured with a few innovations and frequently held together by a process in which a movement is transmitted to a dancer by the adjacent member of his group, the effect being similar to the wave of motion a gust of wind causes in a cornfield.

CLIVE BARNES

(Left) *The* corps de ballet *in one of the many beautiful groups with Michael Somes, centre* (Right) *Moira Shearer and Michael Somes in a* pas de deux. *Shearer took over the principal role after the third performance, as Fonteyn had to go to Milan* (*All photos: Roger Wood*)

Designing for Ballet . . . costumes

by PETER WILLIAMS

From time to time, people bring costume designs to me for my comment. I am pleased to think that I might be of help and equally sorry that after about an hour, they should flounce out in a fury because my advice (in the form of a soliloquy) has been something like this:

I SEE you have a number of designs in your portfolio which are charming and you wonder why various producers are not falling over themselves to use you. You have to remember that the number of new ballets produced each year is so small that there are not enough to keep a sixteenth of the established designers employed. You appear to have a sound knowledge of painting and draughtsmanship; your designs look pretty on paper. But this prettiness on paper is not quite enough.

You have the rudiments of anatomy but you still don't know how to apply this to your designing. Every bone, fibre, and tissue in the human body has certain functions and limitations. Dance is movement in which every portion of the body is used to its fullest extent. Therefore a costume must never hamper a dancer in any way; at the same time it should reveal beauty of line or the particular line that a choreographer requires.

Before using "applied design" it is essential that you have a complete knowledge of dance technique. For instance, you have here a design for a tutu in a classical *pas de deux*. You have encrusted the waistline with brilliants and it all looks very grand. But the dancer who wears this tutu has got to be supported in a number of *turns*. What is going to happen to her cavalier's hands as they support her at the waist? They are going to be ripped to ribbons.

Your knowledge of anatomy should also tell you that decoration of the waist or hips can be extremely enlarging. This is just one instance where a designer can go wrong. Believe me, there are hundreds more.

Designers must cut

From these designs I would not say that you had a great knowledge of cutting. You don't think that knowledge necessary, do you? You know a little dressmaker round the corner who can always execute your work perfectly. Let me tell you straight—the designer who cannot cut has not learnt a quarter of his trade.

It is not always going to be possible to have a Karinska to pull you through. Usually it is left to the wardrobe staff to disentangle the ramifications of your scribblings. They try manfully and loyally but you would get a much better result if you showed exactly how you wanted your garment cut or draped. The only way to get what you want is to do it yourself.

Design by Leon Bakst for a Marchioness in Diaghilev's 1921 *production of* Sleeping Beauty. *The costume is discussed in this article. Bakst was one of the greatest stage designers of this century. He designed his first ballet,* The Fairy Doll, *for the Maryinsky Theatre in* 1902. *Later he joined the Diaghilev Company and created some of the most famous works in the early days of that company. He also designed for the theatre when he was living in Paris. He died in* 1924

Although the colours of your costumes are interesting I cannot see any indication of material. This is more important than you think. The wrong material can destroy the whole style-atmosphere of a ballet. Take as an example the costumes for the Marchionesses in the Vision scene (Act 2) of *Sleeping Beauty* at Covent Garden. Oliver Messel (probably for economic reasons) used a light sateen for the skirts of the riding-habits. With the result that their "movement" is far too quick and the stately grace of the eighteenth-century court completely lacking. When Bakst designed these costumes for Diaghilev's 1921 production of the same ballet, they were (or had the appearance) of heavy velvet with rich gold lacing, thus giving the right richness and dignity. The correct way to use materials can only be acquired over years but not until it is fully mastered can a designer really say he knows the basic principles of his art.

Here then, are the four corner stones on which a designer can hope to build: complete knowledge of anatomy, cutting, fabrics and a certain ability to put his ideas on paper. When these corner stones are well and truly laid, it is possible to approach the theatre.

The Theatre presents many fresh problems. A costume which looks beautiful on paper can look nothing at all when placed behind a proscenium arch. The mood of a particular work can be established by the juxtaposition of one costume to another.

Colour and Mood

To go back to Bakst for a moment: he was a master of creating mood (and changing it) with the colour and silhouette of his costumes. He knew how to introduce colour gradually until it mounted to a thrilling climax and the tension of the audience was heightened to breaking point. He could create serenity and then change the mood to one of evil by the sudden introduction of a violently opposing colour in a subtle manner; perhaps by someone flicking back a cloak to reveal a brilliant lining. You will often find that the separate designs of a great master of the theatre look unbelievably dull on paper, but when fitted into the whole they cause a sensational effect.

Light plays an important part and all your labours can go for nothing if ill-lit. Even if you are not lighting a work yourself, it is up to you to see that justice is done. Unless you have complete mastery of the switchboard it is impossible to demand what you want. The effect of light on material is as important as knowing how to mix paints on a palette.

Think of the Dancer

Even after everything else has been overcome, there is still the opinion of dancers to contend with. Usually they are helpful but there are occasions when they become temperamental. During these difficult moments it is as well to remember that it is they who have to dance in your creations. You should make every effort to see that nothing impedes their performance. If this bodice is too tight, if that skirt is too heavy with decoration, if those trousers don't fit—then have them put right. Always make certain that dancers are comfortable in their costumes even if they don't like them.

Finally remember that costumes for ballet should never be "clothes" they are living scenery and should always be considered to be an intrinsic part of it, that is unless the work has no setting at all. Apart from covering the dancer as suitably as possible the purpose of the costume is to help the choreographer get his meaning across. Often have we seen ballets rehearsed in practice costume that looked wonderful but which in actual performance amounted to nothing because the pattern was obscured by muddled design. Small wonder that many choreographers want their dancers only in tutus or tights.

You think this all sounds too much like hard work? Well, it is hard work and heartbreaking too, though one of the greatest pleasures in life is to see your own designs properly realised on the stage. The moment when you can look at the stage and say, "I did that and it looks good"; that moment is worth a king's ransom and more.

Appointment in Manhattan

Bunty Kelley in her London flat today. Photo specially taken for Dance and Dancers *by Alec Murray* On the right: *with Jamie Jameson in the London production of* Brigadoon *(Photo: Photocraft)*

Bunty Kelley — an innocent abroad

AGNES deMILLE'S reputation for developing talented dancers has become legendary. In 1943, under her skilful direction, Joan McCracken, as the "girl who falls down," and Bambi Linn, as Aggie Pigtails in *Oklahoma*, burst out of the theatrical thicket like hunted rabbits. Both are now comfortably settled on Broadway and in Hollywood. James Mitchell, who dazzled both public and critics as the embittered Harry Ritchie in *Brigadoon*, got his preliminary grooming from deMille in the musical *Bloomer Girl*. He is now a Hollywood star.

To pass the rigid requirements of a deMille audition, the dancer should have a good technique, some acting ability and as nearly as possible, to look the part. Thus in the spring of 1945, while directing dances for the film *London Town*, her attention was focussed on Bunty Kelley as an ideal replacement for Joan McCracken or Bambi Linn, who were leaving the New York company of *Oklahoma*.

What finally happened to the film *London Town* is an old scandal. A clash of ideas between choreographer deMille and director Wesley Ruggles resulted in the eventual withdrawal of Miss deMille as dance director—but she did not leave the battle scene empty handed. Out of this celluloid holocaust she secured a promise from BuntyKelley to come to New York and dance Joan McCracken's role in *Oklahoma*.

DELAYED ACTION

For Bunty, a trip to New York was the realisation of a lifetime ambition. Left by Agnes deMille in charge of the dancers in *London Town* she was instructed to wait until the Theatre Guild in New York could arrange for her passage. She waited—impatiently. One gloomy day she received a wire from New York: PASSAGE DELAYED BECAUSE OF G.I. BRIDE PRIORITY—CAN YOU WAIT? Could she wait? Yes, she could, but it was the last thing on earth she wanted to do.

With her father's assistance (he was then editor of *Naft*, the magazine of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.) she sailed on the oil tanker British Wisdom for the U.S.A. in March, 1945.

With the exception of recurring seasickness, due to the feathery lightness of the boat, Bunty touched Texas shores intact. It was a bright sunny morning and all traces of British Wisdom nausea quickly vanished into the ultra-violet rays of the Texas sunshine. Bunty was happy to be in America. In less time than it takes to pause for reflection she was whipped off to the airport and put aboard a New York bound plane. In the excitement of this, her first plane trip, she fell soundly asleep awaking only when she felt the bouncing runway of La Guardia Airfield.

NEW YORK! NEW YORK!

Curiously enough the long drive from Flushing Meadows (La Guardia Airfield) through lushly suburban Long Island City, the crossing of the huge 59th St. bridge on to Manhattan shores, the drive southward along the murky East River and then West into a maze of shrieking skyscrapers left Bunty unruffled; not that she wan't impressed—oh no!—it was simply a familiar dream.

As soon as she was settled in her hotel room Bunty telephoned Agnes deMille. Prepared to dazzle her little Scotch-English charge with a sumptuous meal, it was a slightly astonished deMille who heard Bunty proclaim: "I want eggs!"

In the evening Bunty went to a performance of *Carousel*, the Hammerstein-Rodgers musical based on Molnar's play *Liliom* for which Agnes deMille had done the choreography. It was her first view of an American musical and it has remained her favourite. After the show, she was treated to her first milk-shake by Lucas Hovinga, who had danced with her in *London Town*. Unaccustomed to late theatre-going (theatre starts about 8.45 in New York) she tumbled into bed at 1.00 a.m., deliciously weary.

Bunty reported to the St. James Theatre the following day. After a week of rehearsals, she was ready to go on for Joan McCracken. *Oklahoma* had the prescribed number of understudies. They were the girls who understudied Joan McCracken and Bambi Linn.

With the news of Bunty's arrival, the banner of Equity was hastily unfurled. A meeting of embittered dancers followed; Equity was petitioned. Bunty was truly an innocent abroad.

Equity produced rules, unknown to Miss deMille or the Theatre Guild, prohibiting alien artists from being employed as principals in currently running shows.

Miss deMille and the Theatre Guild pleaded with Equity to make a special ruling in view of the abnormal circumstances. They succeeded in obtaining permission for Bunty to dance one role for six months, the extent of her contract. Equity stipulated an interval of six months before she could accept further employment. In the meantime, she was asked to dance in the forthcoming production of *Brigadoon*.

During the interval between *Oklahoma* and *Brigadoon*, Bunty sold toys at Macy's department store, was a baby-sitter, modelled for a painter, did typing in a law office and taught ballet to children. Weekends were spent on City Island, a New York resort, where she found a derelict rowboat and converted it into a sailboat.

In the spring of 1946, still unable to work because of the Equity ruling, she assisted Miss deMille in devising the Scottish dances for *Brigadoon*. She discovered the bag-piper needed in the production. The probationary period ended in time to learn the role of a fishmonger, created for her by deMille. *Brigadoon* opened on March 13, 1946, at the Zeigfield Theatre. During the eighteen months that followed she settled down in a little apartment on 81st Street devoting much of her spare time to seeing New York and getting sentimental about it.

In response to a wire from Prince Littler, she returned to London in February, 1949, to be Bonnie Jeanne in the London production. Still with the show, she longs to return to America but is prevented by her "run of the play" contract. Her latest offer from deMille is for a part in the Zeigfield Theatre's housefull *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, the musical version of Anita Loos' best-seller.

Bunty Kelley's main diversion is sailing; her idol is Agnes deMille.

The Dances of Spain

By ELSA BRUNELLESCHI

Last month Elsa Brunelleschi wrote on how to look at Spanish dancing. She now describes characteristics of dances from the provinces, and their accompanying music.

THE dances of Aragon consist of an extraordinary number of *Jotas*, like those of Calada, Albalate, the quieter Alcaniz version and many more offshoots of the exciting Zaragoza version. The *Jota* dancers attach their castanets on the middle finger of the hands and obtain a remarkable strident trill quite different to the graded rolls and rhythms produced by Andalusian dancers who wear their castanets tied to the thumbs.

The virile Basque, whose patriarchal customs are deeply rooted in tradition, leaps with rigid body in the execution of his solemn warrior dances. Some of these dances are *Espatadantzariak* or sword dances of Biscay; the handkerchief linked *Aurresku*; the *Makildantza* or dance of sticks, resembling the English Morris dance; the *Banakoa*, and *Binakoa*, and *Zortziko*, high-kicking dances with a strange 5-8 rhythm.

The Esbarts de Dansaires or Regional Folk Dancing Societies of Catalonia, practise over a hundred variants of the *Contrapás* and the *Sardana* (basic dances of Catalonia). For example—on the last Sunday in August in the picturesque village of Castelltersol, six couples, the local Pabordes or administrators of the Altar of the Patron Saint, in top hats with their ladies in mantillas, dance in front of the mayor and councillors, the grave and ceremonious Catalan Danza and *ball del ciri*, dances which concern the handing over and taking over of power for one year.

The sweet bagpiper of Galicia accompanies the *Muineira* and the *Jota Gallega*; he shows more affinity with his Celtic Scottish cousins than with his Castilian compatriot. How far from the oriental "olé" is the typical Aturuxo or Celtic cry with which the Galician encourages and animates his dancing.

The simple song dances of Exremadura, the maypole dances and *Charradas* of Salamanca are performed in village squares to the sound of the *Pito*, a sort of pipe and tabor.

Some Castilian folk-dancers wear their castanets tied with a flat band across the back of the hand.

The *Rondalla* of Aragon is composed of guitars, *guitarricos*, and *bandurria*, a flat bellied string instrument.

The modern *Cobla* of Barcelona is a ten-piece orchestra of pipe, tabor, brass, string bass, and the *prima* and *tenora* (reedy shrill-sounding brass and wood wind instruments typical of the region). In Valencia, guitar and song accompany the Danza.

For Andalusian and Gipsy dances, as everyone knows, the guitar and rhythmical *Jaleś*, shouted encouragement, and hand claps, all provide the natural accompaniment.

The terms used to describe the steps of the Spanish dance vary considerably in each province. The Basque calls his galleying step—*curpilla*. But while a master of the classical Spanish dance such as Magrina would use mainly French technical terms, the popular dancers hispanise the terminology of dancing by saying—*rodezán* for *rond de jambes*, *seasé* for *chassé*, *batiman* for *battement* and so on.

Many names of typical Andalusian steps such as—*Zerezana*, *Jaleo*, *Matalarana*, *Escobilla* or *Panaderos*, just cannot be translated.

Although I may have appeared to stray from my subject I hope I have given a slight guide to the appreciation of Spanish dancing.

Juan Magriná. Premier danseur and choreographer at the Liceo in Barcelona. He is Spain's leading classical dancer and director of the newly formed Ballets de Barcelona. The photograph shows him in a bolero

Left:

José Luis Udaeta in Polo Gitano. *He has lately been giving successful recitals in Switzerland with his partner Susana Audeoud. They hope to come to London in the near future*

Below:

Elsa Brunelleschi with a team of Basque folk dancers from San Sebastian. The photograph shows two native Xistularis *or pipe and drum players*

Les Ballets Americains at the Champs-Elysées

On May 8, a company of 27 American dancers, opened a season in Paris at the Champ-Elysées Theatre. The ballets presented included works by Ruth Page, Bentley Stone, Walter Camryn and José Limón. This season marks the first European presentation of works by these choreographers, and is further notable for the fact that José Limón, acclaimed the greatest male modern dancer in America, is appearing with his partner, Pauline Koner, in a programme which represents a cross-section of the several kinds of dance being performed on America's ballet stages today.

THE nucleus of Les Ballets Americains is the Page-Stone Ballet, the company directed and led by Ruth Page and Bentley Stone; and the inclusion of José Limón's group allows for the first European showing of *La Malinche* in a programme of ballets and dances essentially American and contemporary and quite distinct from ballets by other American choreographers which have been seen in Europe in recent years.

Throughout the three and a half weeks season one single programme will be given, chosen from the following ballets: *The Bells*, *La Malinche*, *Frankie and Johnny*, *Scrapbook*, *Homesick Blues* and *Billy Sunday*.

The Bells is based on Poe's poem of that title and has a score by Darius Milhaud and setting by Noguchi; Milhaud will conduct the opening performances in Paris. *Frankie and Johnny* and *Homesick Blues* are ballets directly inspired by American myths—the former a saga of low-life in the early years of this century, the latter a reminiscence of the nineteen-twenties, when all good Americans went to Paris before they died. The music for *Homesick Blues* is Gershwin's *American in Paris*.

Scrapbook consists of a series of dances in many different styles and modes of expression and includes solos and *pas de deux* for Ruth Page, Bentley Stone, Talley Beatty, Janet Campbell and other leading dancers. *Billy Sunday* described as "a sermon in dance," is based on incidents in the career of the colourful evangelist whose career in the inter-war period was a cultural manifestation of the kind that can happen only in America.

The plan for this visit and the idea of inviting José Limón to collaborate was Miss Page's. Ruth Page, one of the leading American dancers, has a formidable list of ballets to her credit, and besides touring all over the United States and the Far East has danced in Moscow, London, and Latin-America. She has appeared in Broadway musicals. Her ballets include: *Frankie and Johnny*, *Iberian Monotone*, *Guns and Castanets*, *The Bells*, *Love Song*, *Gold Standard*, *La Guiablesse*—some of them illustrative of man's feeling about the modern world. Speech is used in some to emphasise action.

José Limón had his earliest dance-tuition from Doris Humphrey, who choreographed some of her finest works for him. His career, interrupted by the war, had extended over fifteen years before he received the full credit he deserves for his dancing and his choreography. Now he is rated the leading male dancer among all "moderns" in the United States. **A.V.C.**

Three photos of Ruth Page. (Top) *As Frankie in her own* Frankie and Johnny. (Bottom, right) *With Bentley Stone.* (Below) *In* Love Song

ETIENNE DECROUX and his Mime

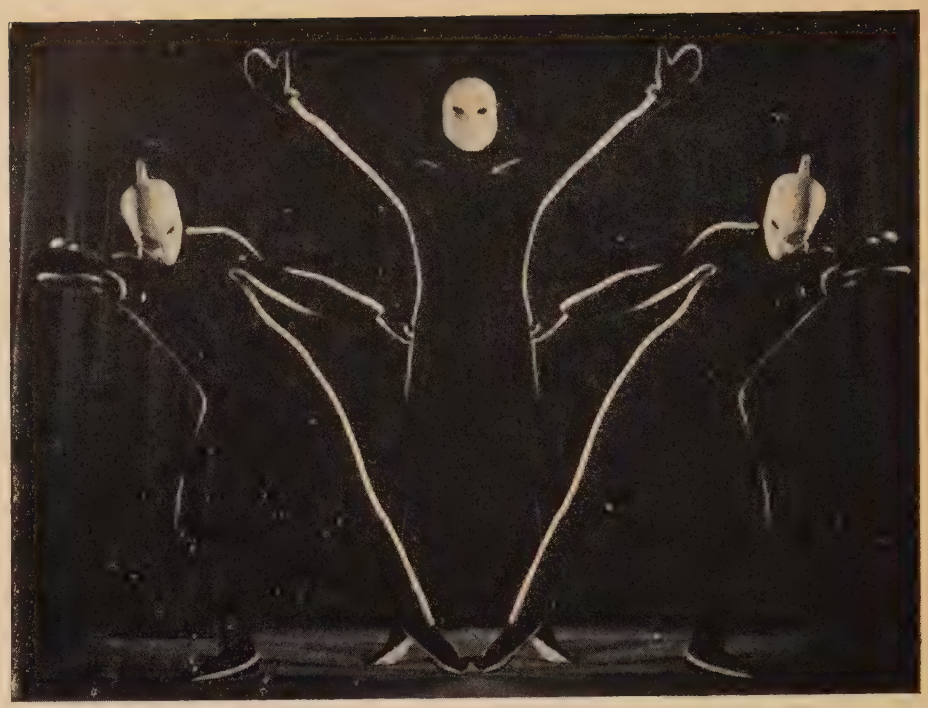
By Baird Hastings

ETIENNE DECROUX is one of the great creators of new theatre but he is almost unknown to the British public, while one of his erstwhile collaborators—Jean Louis Barrault, is becoming world famous. Their inspiration, Edward Gordon Craig, continues to hold his place as one of the fathers of modern spectacle.

The art of Decroux is often stern stuff but it is not forbidding; its *matiere* is truly substantial. Here is something new; or perhaps a rediscovery of the importance of mime—not the Comedia dell'Arte, or the Greek art, but mime for our time, based on everyday movements, phrases, techniques.

Design, rhythm and intensity are the basic qualities which motivate the work of Etienne Decroux. There is small need for props in this art because the protagonist communicates their presence to his audience. The drama and psychology of the spectacle are imposed through the absolute articulation of the protagonist conjuring before one's eyes every illusion desired.

The old pantomime was a collection of conventional gestures strung together in a manner which made them more or less comprehensible and logical. The work of Decroux is completely different. Using movements which are generally recognisable, he has expanded the language of theatre, dance and mime so that he can express any theme.



A scene from Decroux's The Factory (*Photo: Weill*)

Decroux invents his mime plays by preparing all theatre techniques (classic dance, tap, diction, acting) in order that none will be over prominent. Thus the entire action may develop naturally. Now at the top of his career, his intense theatre personality is tending to make over our spectacle arts—as Edward Gordon Craig has said: "At last a creator in the theatre, a product of the theatre."

It has taken Decroux many years of hard work to prepare his revolution, years he has passed acting in the companies of Dullin, and Copeau. His ideals were intransigent and he had to wait for the public to accept some of his ideas. His current play *Les Petits Soldats* was given its first performance by Maximilien Decroux, Alvin Epstein, Pierre Verry, Roger Marino, Maryse, Suzanne Lodieu, and Decroux in Palestine in April. Afterwards, Europe will have the opportunity to see the results of five years intense work and twenty years of mighty preparation.

Speak Up!

Careless Coryphees

SIR.—I think it is necessary for our critics to take a little more care when reviewing the work of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company.

For some reason the *corps* is rarely given more than a few words in reviews, or articles discussing the merits of the company and its dancers.

Would it be heresy to suggest that the discipline of the *corps de ballet* is very poor?

This is not, perhaps, quite so important in such ballets as *Mam'zelle Angot* or *Coppelia*, where there is a certain gay abandon in the choreography, but when we are presented with a stage full of highly individual Sylphides, Swans or Willis, it is surely time to utter a small cry of protest, despite the brilliance of the principals.—R. A. COLLINS, *Sewardstone Road, South Chingford.*

Unsuitable ballets at Wells?

SIR.—Such ballets as *Mardi Gras* and *Fete Etrange* are not altogether suitable for Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet as they are beyond the emotional capacity of the dancers.

Rather than unsuitable new ballets would it not be better for some of the ballets formerly in the Sadler's Wells repertoire to be revived by the Theatre company.

This would have the double advantage of the young company dancing in ballets of known suitability and would give the present day audience a chance of becoming acquainted with works at present relegated to the archives.

For a start I should like to see *Horoscope, Cents Baisees, The Wise Virgins, Orpheus and Euridice.* What do other readers feel about this.—JAMES ROWSON, *Wimborne Mansions, London, N.W.*3.

Money's worth at the Garden?

SIR.—Are not some of the programmes presented by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Co. at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, too short?

On at least two evenings during a recent week the programmes ended by or just before 9.5 p.m. The programmes of most other ballet companies (including the Sadler's Wells Theatre company) seldom end before 9.20 p.m. with the prices of admission considerably lower.

I appreciate, of course, that Covent Garden is large and it is desirable for the "grand scale" to be maintained and in consequence higher prices must be charged but that should not preclude an additional short ballet being included in the programme; in fact, it is surely an argument for its inclusion. Many will not forget the programmes presented at Covent Garden last year by the Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo. Seldom could a reasonable complaint have been voiced against the length of their programmes. —LESLIE C. DAY, *Chanctonbury Way, London,* N.12.

Unfair to Andes

SIR.—In your March issue there occurs, in the review of Angelo Andes' Spanish ballet *El Destino*, the following sentence:

". . . the slightest heel-tap in London from Amaya, Rosario and Antonio, or Teresa and Lusillo, and the whole thing will look as exciting as Sellingers Round on a wet bank-holiday."

Whether this is a reasonable criticism of the ballet I am not concerned with. What strikes me is the absence from this list of the name of Andes himself. Without wishing to decry any of the dancers in *El Destino*, the sentence could with equal truth have read:

". . . the slightest heel-tap from Angelo Andes and the whole thing, etc. . . ."

It seems deplorable that, while ballet-goers and critics will flock to see the visiting Spanish dancers, they should apparently be unaware that here, in their own city of London, is a Spanish dancer better than any of the males of Mariemma's or Esmeralda's companies, and an equal stylist to the superb Lusillo.—MISS M. PRENDON, *York Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.*1.

Unbridled Genius

SIR.—Is the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company at Covent Garden so rich in creative genius that it can afford to allow its greatest choreographer to waste his talents on musical comedy?

For months the question has been asked by enthusiastic supporters "When are we to have a new Helpmann ballet?" What is to be the answer, and are the prospects as remote as they would seem from your announcement?—VERA M. MATTHEWS, 16 *St. James Avenue, Ewell, Surrey.*

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

THE SADLER'S WELLS BALLET season at Covent Garden has continued uneventfully with Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial* the principal attraction and source of delight to everyone except a crabbed few.

After boats, bicycles and an enormous amount of expensive props and scenery were thrown overboard, Roland Petit's *Ballabile* had its first performance at a charity gala on Friday, May 5. A short notice of it appears in the Editorial on page 4 of this issue; next month we shall publish two pages of photographs and opinions of this first work for the company by a French choreographer.

It seems unlikely we shall have any further novelties this season, which is extremely disappointing considering we were promised so much. But if the present repertoire can fill the Opera House night after night, then at least the taxpayer has little cause to complain. But there is no escaping the fact that, compared to most companies, the repertoire is pathetically small.

It looks as though America is going to have to see more or less the same ballets as last year. *Cinderella* is to be traditionally left behind and *Giselle* will go in her place. *Job* also will not recross the Atlantic; De Valois' *Don Quixote* will replace it. The only other work to go that America has not yet seen will be Ashton's *Dante Sonata*, which is to be revived.

It is possible that there will be a short season at Covent Garden in August, after New York City Ballet leave, in order to rehearse the repertoire before leaving for the States.

Moira Shearer left for Paris on May 11 to appear as the first red-headed Carmen with Roland Petit at the Marigny Theatre. She returned on May 28.

★

The SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET season ended at Sadler's Wells Theatre on Saturday, May 20. The summer tour opened at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge, on Monday, May 22. The touring repertoire and dates appear on page 25 of this issue.

Svetlana Beriosova will dance with the company for the first time during the Cambridge week. She will appear in *Casse Noisette*, *Lac des Cygnes*, *Les Sylphides*, as a bather in *Summer Interlude* and as Naila in *Selina* during the first week. Gradually she will take over all the principal roles alternating with Fifield, Lane and Miller.

There has been criticism from certain quarters because a foreign dancer has been admitted to the company when a number of English dancers are unable to get in. We hope that this unreasonable attitude is not widespread. De Valois' plan to have a few foreign artists in the two companies is admirable; it puts our own dancers on their mettle, it stops us from becoming drearily insular, it brings a fresh outlook and a chance to compare different styles. Beriosova has spent most of her dancing years in this country and she is popular. She should also be a great financial asset to the company.

A great influx of foreign artists would be entirely wrong but one or two are a great help to lift both companies above the general level of English efficiency. The presence of Elvin at the Opera House is now recognised by everyone as a good idea. Beriosova will probably do the same thing in Rosebery Avenue, for she has a quality that we have not seen in a young dancer since Toumanova and Baronova burst upon us in the early thirties.

★

On Tuesday, May 2, BALLET RAMBERT returned to the Lyric, Hammersmith, the theatre where the first spark was struck which led to the Ballet Club and to the company that all the world knows today. It is always exhilarating to see Madame Rambert and her young dancers.

The first performance consisted of two works by Gore (*Plaisance* and the English *premiere* of *Winter Night*) and two works by Tudor (*Judgment of Paris* and *Gala Performance*).

Plaisance, created in 1947 just before the company left for Australia, has not worn well. This Regency rendezvous goes on too long, there is not enough invention to sustain it and something is lacking without Annette Chapell and John Gilpin. Nevertheless it has a certain gaiety that makes it a good opening ballet. Ronald Hynd shows a great deal of promise. Cordwell's décor was much in the style of a revue in the thirties and too cumbersome for a small stage.

The programme says that Gore's *Winter Night* is a Dance Allegory for three characters —a man and two women. What it really means is that a man gets rid of one girl friend and goes off with another. This simple everyday occurrence takes place in the first movement of Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto and the other two movements are full of the agony and torment they all suffer. This early climax is the ballet's main fault; the second part seems to be padding to fill up the music's allotted span. As the work is not an abstract one, the audience should feel a certain amount of sympathy with the characters. By the end one feels they have all behaved stupidly and just could not care less what happens to them. During this triangular drama the *corps de ballet* behave in a restless manner.

Gore, as in all his ballets, shows a great deal of invention but at the moment *Winter Night* does not make the complete work we hope to see. One can only say it has lovely moments.

The role of the spurned "girl in the Winter Night of her despair," does not suit Margaret Hill. She looks awkward. Paula Hinton, as the girl whose "Bright Summer is now beginning," is very good indeed. It is remarkable how quickly she has developed since the days, not so long ago, when she was in the *corps de ballet*.

It remained for Tudor to supply the pure entertainment in the programme though Barbara Grimes supplies more pathos as Minerva in *Judgment of Paris* than anyone did in the whole length of *Winter Night*. Kurt Weill's tinkling score is painfully right for Tudor's nasty little brothel saga. This work is a tawdry gem, a gala performance in the lower depths.

Ballet Rambert have always given a better *Gala Performance* than any other company and the young entry live up to their predecessors.

The rivalry between the three ballerinas from Moscow, Milan and Paris is full of humour. The subtlety is fully realised by Margaret Hill, Paula Hinton and Beryl Goldwyn. Prokofiev's Classical Symphony is so suitable that it might have been written specially for this work.

It was hard to judge the full potential of the company on a first night but it looks as though Rambert is developing a number of personalities though none, excepting Hinton, Gore and Paltenghi is fully formed.

Cecil Bates shows a vast improvement since he was last seen in London. Ronald Hynd looks as though he will soon be the type of dancer who is an asset to any company. Rambert still has plenty of tricks in her conjurer's hat and it is to be hoped that she will soon produce a new choreographer.

★

Celia Franca's second choreodrama for TELEVISION, *St. Agnes Eve*, was given on Monday, May 1. This mixture of dance and drama is ideal for a medium which places so many limitations on ordinary ballet, though I am still not satisfied that the possibilities have been fully realised.

The story based on Keats' poem (a mixture of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Paolo and Francesca*) was too complicated to make much sense to viewers. This was made clear after I had asked a cross-section of the public what they thought

Ex-Metropolitan star Svetlana Beriosova has now joined the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet (Photo: Duncan Melvin)

of this production. The answer in almost every case: "Very nice but what was it all about?"

When a story is well known to producer and choreographer, the fact that it is not equally well known to everyone else is apt to bc overlooked and too much is taken for granted.

The cameras appeared to be under-rehearsed though I understand that in some cases they failed completely. This led to a lot of "panning" on empty passages and staircases; the lack of incident broke the continuity.

There was far too much unconvincing orgy at Hildebrand's banquet. Excessive clinking of empty goblets, stately measures for the nobility, and hand-on-hip jollifications for the servants do not suggest an evil debauche.

On the other hand, the scenes in Madeline's bedroom were simple and moving. The beauty and tranquillity of Beriosova would have made her a great star in the days of the silent movies. In these scenes she was well supported by the Porphyro of John Byron and the Nurse of Maria Balinska. There is not the slightest doubt that television screens as they are today cannot carry more than three people comfortably. In such a small area, all crowd scenes tend to become confused. If these sections could have been extended and the orgy reduced to a minimum, the work would have had a better balance.

Had I not seen a rehearsal on the set, it is doubtful whether I should have had the slightest idea as to how good Celia Franca's choreography really was. In rehearsal the pattern, grouping, and general plan, showed a great understanding of the medium and its limitations. It was a pity that most of it was lost in actual production.

Stephen Bundy designed some very good costumes and an ingenius set. I particularly liked John Lanchbery's score though I could have done without the Celestial Choirs in the supposed dream sequences. Of all the terrible things we have learned from Hollywood, this surely is the most phoney.

Pirmin Trecu of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet as Harlequin in Fokine's Carnaval *(Photo: Ian Gibson-Smith)*

★

Sauce Piquante opened at the Cambridge Theatre on April 27. The advance publicity stated that the accent was to be on dancing. But there appeared to be less dancing than in the average revue. The sauce was typically English: a great number of first class ingredients were wasted owing to the chef's inability to mix them properly. Harold Turner arranged the choreography for *Roumania*, presumably a skit on the sort of European musical comedy so popular at the beginning of the century. Humour, if humour there was meant to be, was lacking but the number worked up to an effective climax with Tutte Lemkow spinning wildly.

Halama and Konarski have done the same act for years and everything they do here is only a slight variation on what they have done before; but they do it so well and gracefully that they can go on doing it through all the sauce we must expect at the Cambridge through the years. Their act will still give us more pleasure than many a pretentious revue ballet.

Cochran used to say that he never had a revue without a Spanish number. Today this also applies to ballet companies. Elsa Brunelleschi has devised a lively ballet, *Momentos Espanoles*, as a finale to the first half. It shows two sides of Spain: the first the more seamy side in a cellar with The Temptress and her lovers, the second in a street with a procession of Penitents and a Madonna glowing with many candles. The scene ends with a Jota.

While keeping within the framework of revue, Brunelleschi has yet managed to create something that can be taken seriously. She has wisely kept the choreography simple as not one of the dancers is Spanish. It all manages to be theatrically effective. Luzita and Lemkow dance well.

★

RAM GOPAL gave a series of lectures on Indian dancing at the charming Watergate Theatre in Buckingham Street on the weeks starting April 17 and May 8. Lectures have a habit of being very boring but Gopal has such an attractive personality and a clear way of describing the various *mudras* (symbolic hand gestures) and *rasas* (moods) that nobody with the slightest interest in the dance could be anything but fascinated by it. As well as dancing himself he used two of his pupils, Lilavati and Janaki, to demonstrate *Kathak* (the dance of North India) and *Bharata Natya* (the Tanjore Temple dances). It was all very well produced, well lit, and the beautiful saris and oriental materials hanging round the theatre made one forget the rain and cold of England.

We are glad to hear that these lectures are to be given in various parts of the country and it will help towards a greater understanding of the art when Ram Gopal's company arrive from India in August.

Sara Luzita, who has had such a success in the Spanish numbers in both Sauce Tartar *and* Sauce Piquante *at the Cambridge Theatre (Photo: Denis de Marney)*

★

Alfred Rodrigues is choreographing three works for the FONTEYN-HELPMANN tour which starts at Tunbridge Wells on June 2. They are *Iles des Sirenes* (to Debussy's *Petite Suite de concert*) with costumes designed by the Australian designer Loudon Sainthill ; *Pavane* (Ravel music, Sainthill costumes); and *Concertino Romantica* (Weber clarionet concerto). The other works in the programme include Cranko's *Tritsch-Tratsch; Peter and the Wolf; Casse Noisette* and *Coppelia pas de deux*. Fonteyn will do the variation from Ashton's *Rendezvous*. Also in the company are Pamela May, June Brae and Harold Turner. The *corps de ballet* are from the Sadler's Wells school and the New London Orchestra is to be conducted by Alex Sherman.

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

On April 19, *L'Inconnue* had its first performance at the PARIS OPERA. This work on a war theme had a score by Jolivet and was designed by Charles Boanc. The four dancers were the choreographer, Lifar, Toumanova, Daydé and Renault.

One of the most ambitious productions at the opera for many years had its *premiere* on April 26. This was *Le Chevalier Errant* based on the Don Quixote story. It used a singing chorus of 150 and two narrators. The many settings and costumes were by Pedro Flores. This second Lifar ballet since the opera closed on account of the musician's strike, had a score by Ibert who may be remembered for his music for Petit's *Les Amours de Jupiter*. We hope to have a full report of these two works in our next issue.

★

When the De Cuevas GRAND BALLET de MONTE CARLO finished its season in Monte Carlo it also finished its contract with the municipality. Henceforth it will be known by another name (probably Le Grand Ballet de Marquis de Cuevas) and may have its headquarters in Mexico. George Skibine's first ballet *Une Tragédie a Vérone* has had a great success. Based on the Romeo and Juliet theme it uses Tchaikovsky's symphonic poem. It was designed by André Delfau. Skibine himself played Romeo, with Pagave as Juliet. The Montague's were Celada and Golovine; the Capulets, Adama, Oukttomsky, Reznikoff, Sabline, Laporte, Morris, Ouspenska and Palley.

Taras' *Persephone* (first created for San Francisco Ballet) has had a mixed reception. The music was Schumann's Spring Symphony and the décor and costumes by Lilla de Nobili. The main criticism seems to be that it was too long though everyone agrees that the *pas de deux* in the second movement for Hightower and Eglevsky was very beautiful. John Gilpin has also taken Eglevsky's role from time to time and he partnered very well indeed. The company are now at the Liceo in Barcelona. For the first week of June they appear in Madrid, June 15 to 30 in Holland for the Festival. Three weeks in July at Deauville and in Paris for the first week in August.

U. S. A.

BALLET THEATRE opened their season at the Centre Theatre on April 23. Their opening programme consisted of *Les Sylphides*, de Mille's *Fall River Legend*, William Dollar's new ballet *Jeux* (for Nora Kaye and Youskevitch). Ending with Tudor's *Gala Performance*. On May 3, Tudor's new work *Nimbus* has its *premiere*.

★

A renovated BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO opened at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 5. New costume, new décors and Chauviré as guest artist. Her *Giselle* on the first night did not get good notices though it was very popular with the public. Danilova danced in *Madronos* and the programme closed with Lichine's *Graduation Ball*.

On April 11, Chauviré danced in Lifar's *Romeo and Juliet* with Franklin. On April 12 *Prince Igor* was revived, Fokine's choreography was altered by Jazvinsky to suit the particular style of Nina Novak who danced the chief Polovtzian Girl. On April 13 Chauviré danced Lifar's version of *Swan Lake* and in spite of the choreography it appears to have been her greatest success; on April 18 she danced Lifar's *Romeo and Juliet*.

★

MARTHA GRAHAM and her company are to come to Europe at last. On June 27 they open at the Champs-Elysées Theatre in Paris for a two-week season. After that they are likely to come to London as well as touring Scandinavia, Holland and Italy. The leading dancers will be Graham herself, Erick Hawkins, May O'Donnell, Pearl Lang and Helen McGehee. The rerpertoire will include Graham's *Letter to the World, Deaths and Entrances, Dark Meadow, Cave of the Heart, Diversion of Angels, Herodiade, El Penitente, Frontier, Every Soul is a Circus, Night Journey, Eye of Anguish, Errand into the Maze, Appalachian Spring* and two of Mr. Hawkins' works, *John Brown* and *Stephen Acrobat*.

SCANDINAVIA

The ROYAL DANISH BALLET Festival opens on June 1 and will continue until June 14. A number of classics by the great 19th century Danish choreographer, August Bournonville, will be given. These include *Le Conservatoire, Napoli* and *La Sylphide*. There will also be several works by the 20th century choreographer Harald Lander. Fokine's *Petrouchka* and Massine's *Le Beau Danube* are also in a very extensive programme.

HOLLAND

The Holland Festival starts on June 15 and continues through until July 15. The Spanish dancers Rosario and Antonio will appear at Scheveningen on June 16; Amsterdam June 17; Scheveningen June 18.

The de Cuevas Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo will be at Scheveningen on July 2, 8 and 13. At Amsterdam on July 3, 4, 7, 9, 10, 15. At the Hague on July 6 for a Gala Performance conducted by Pierre Monteux; the programme will include *Giselle, Casse Noisette* and *Petrouchka*.

Next month :

Full colour cover of:

New York City Ballet stars, **Tallchief and Moncion,** in *Firebird.*

Photo-Supplement of new ballets :

Winter Night *Frankie and Johnny*
Ballabile

Roland Petit in the Theatre:
Ballet in Copenhagen.

A day at the Empire :
Introduction to New York City Ballet.

Spanish Dancers in Paris :
Dancers you should know.

And all the regular features in 28 pages.

Stanley Williams, Mona Vangsaae, Paul Gnatt, Fredbjoyn Bjornsson and Kjeld Noack in the Rose Adagio from Aurora's Wedding at the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

JUNE
1 *Giselle* (Shearer, Somes), *Tricorne*.
2 *Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Field).
3 (Matinee at 2 p.m.). *Lac des Cygnes* (Elvin, Field).
5 *Sylphides, Ballabile, Facade*.
7 *Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Ballet Imperial, Tricorne*.
9 *Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes).
12 *Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Field).
13 *Ballet Imperial, Tricorne, Facade*.
15 *Les Sylphides, Ballet Imperial, Miracle in the Gorbals*.
16 *Les Sylphides, Tricorne, Miracle in the Gorbals*.
20 *Checkmate, Facade, Dante Sonata* (1st performance).
22 *Checkmate, Facade, Dante Sonata*.
24 (Matinee). *Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Field).
24 (Evening). *Giselle* (Fonteyn, Helpmann), *Facade*.
27 *Les Patineurs, Dante Sonata, Don Quixote*.
27 *Les Patineurs, Don Quixote, Dante Sonata*.
30 *Les Patineurs, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Helpmann).

JULY
1 *Wedding Bouquet, Don Quixote, Facade*.
3 *Sleeping Beauty* (Grey, Field).
4 *Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Helpmann).
5 (Matinee). *Sleeping Beauty* (Grey, Hart).
5 (Evening). *Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Helpmann).
6 *Les Sylphides, Wedding Bouquet, Ballabile*.
7 *Les Sylphides, Tricorne, Ballabile*.
8 (Matinee). *Tricorne, Ballabile, Ballet Imperial*.
8 (Evening, last performance of the season). *Ballabile, Tricorne, Ballet Imperial*.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET ON TOUR

Repertoire includes—*Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Casse Noisette* (Act 2), *Les Sylphides, Selina, Summer Interlude, Haunted Ballroom, Facade, Beauty and the Beast, Sea Change, El Destino, Tritsch-Tratsch, Jota Toledana, Giselle pas de deux, Bluebird pas de deux*.

MAY
29 New Theatre, Hull.

JUNE
5 Embassy Theatre, Peterborough.
12 Theatre Royal, Norwich.
19 Theatre Royal, Brighton.
26 The Pavilion, Bournemouth.

JULY
3 The Opera House, Cheltenham.
10 The Open Air Theatre, Finsbury Park.
Re-Open at Sadler's Wells Theatre on September 18.

BALLET RAMBERT ON TOUR

May 22 to June 3. Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris.

JUNE
5 Week out.
12 Theatre Royal, Bristol.
19 Theatre Royal, Bristol.
26 Open Air Theatre, Finsbury Park.

JULY
3 St. Ives, Cornwall.
13 Penzance, Cornwall.
21 Theatre Royal, Exeter.

INTERNATIONAL BALLET AT THE LONDON COLISEUM

MAY
29 *Sleeping Princess*.
30 *Gaite Parisienne, Giselle*.
31 (Matinee). *Coppelia*.
31 (Evening). *Coppelia*.

JUNE
1 *Visions, Gaite Parisienne, Everyman*.
2 *Swan Lake*.
3 (Matinee). *Swan Lake*.
3 (Evening). *Swan Lake*.
5 *Sea Legend, Giselle*.
6 *Coppelia*.
7 *Sleeping Princess*.
8 *Swan Lake*.
9 *Swan Lake*.
10 (Matinee). *Visions, Gaite Parisienne, Les Sylphides, Sea Legend*.
10 (Evening). *Gaite Parisienne, Giselle*.
12 *Sleeping Princess*.
13 *Sleeping Princess*.
14 *Gaite Parisienne, Visions, Les Sylphides, Swan Lake* (Act 1).
14 (Evening). *Gaite Parisienne, Sea Legend, Carnaval Swan Lake* (Act 1).
15 *Coppelia*.
16 *Gaite Parisienne, Visions, Everyman*.
17 *Swan Lake*.
18 *Swan Lake*.
26 Belfast.
July 10 to August 5. Dublin.

Clubs

BOURNEMOUTH

Bournemouth Ballet Club (*Sec.: A. A. Oat, 29th Avenue, Branksome Park, Bournemouth*).

Inspired by recent visits to Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, members of the Bournemouth Ballet Club are busily preparing for their annual production on June 10th.

Recent visitors to the Club's lecture programmes have been Leo Kersley, Leighton Lucas, Pauline Grant, Madame Lydia Kyasht and Miss Noble Paulickpulle who gave lecture-demonstration on Oriental dancing.

An interlude of dancing was presented by club members at the recent Winter Garden's Society (Sponsors of the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra) annual party. There'll be another performance at a Garden Party in July.

A Club magazine will appear shortly.

LIVERPOOL

Merseyside Ballet Circle (*Sec.: Miss R. V. Mooney, West Vale, Neston, Liverpool*).

A major event for the members of the Merseyside Ballet Circle, in March, was their presentation of a certificate of Honorary Life Membership to Ninette de Valois, at a supper party at the Café Monico given in her honour. The presentation was made by the club's chairman, Mr. C. H. Haynes.

On February 28th Miss Helen Bird lectured on "Music in the Ballet"; a character-mime lecture and class was given by Miss Shelagh Elliott-Clarke on March 7th and on March 24th the Circle presented a Dance-Interlude at the Fazakerley Group of Hospitals' Annual Ball, at which the Lord and Lady Mayoress of Liverpool were present. On April 18th a lecture-demonstration on Mime was given by Joan Lawson.

With membership still on the increase (now over 100) plans are being made to start a Junior Section of the Circle.

LONDON

The Phoenix Ballet and Dramatic Club (*Sec.: Mrs. M. Paine, 73 South Hill Park, N.W.3*).

For the 1950 Hampstead Festival the Phoenix Club will present a combined evening of Ballet and Drama at the Everyman Theatre. The Festival will run from June 5th to the 18th.

On May 21st at 78 Belsize Park Gardens, Hampstead, the members of the Club were given a lecture-demonstration in Make-Up.

MANCHESTER

The Ballet Guild (*Sec.: Jeannette B. Whittaker, 122 Church St. West, Radcliffe, Manchester*).

For their Evening of Ballet presented in April, the Ballet Guild produced three new ballets with choreography by the club's director, Miss G. McDonald; *Folk Tale*, to the music of Khachaturyan, *Soirees Parisiennes*, to music of Offenbach and *Elijah*, to music of Elgar.

Members are now preparing for their next production in November.

NEWCASTLE

Newcastle-upon-Tyne Ballet Club (*Sec.: Mrs. M. Bennitt, 1 Grosvenor Villas, Jesmond, Newcastle 2*).

A lecture-demonstration on the History of Ballet Steps was given to club members by Miss Peggy Chaytor on April 30th. The club's Annual General Meeting was held on May 14th and a private performance of ballet on May 21st.

Nadia Nerina (*Sadler's Wells Ballet*) *and Leo Kersley* (*Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet*) *giving a class to the London Ballet Circle*

GLYNDEBOURNE

OPERA FESTIVAL 1950

MOZART SEASON **July 6th to 23rd**

"Die Entführung" and "Cosi fan Tutte"

Producer: CARL EBERT Conductor: FRITZ BUSCH

The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

The Glyndebourne Festival Chorus

Particulars and tickets from Glyndebourne Box Office, 23 Baker Street, London, W.1. Telephone: Welbeck 0573, and usual Agents.

FORTUNE THEATRE

DRURY LANE

HAROLD FIELDING AGENCY DIVISION

present

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

commencing

Monday, June 5 and **Nightly** at 7.30

RETURN OF

JUANA

AFTER TRIUMPHANT TOUR OF EUROPE and PRIOR TO DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA

"Dance Portraits FROM Many Lands"

Complete change of programme Wednesday and Friday

Tickets: 12/-, 9/-, 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 may be obtained from Chappell's Box Office, 50, New Bond Street, W.1. (MAY. 7600), all Ticket Agents or (on and after June 5th) from Fortune Theatre (TEM. 2238)

THE NOREEN BUSH-MARJORIE DAVIES SCHOOLS LTD.

BUSH - DAVIES SCHOOLS

"CHARTERS TOWERS"

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL

(20 *acres, with Swimming Pool and Hard Court*)

EDUCATION *incorporating*
BALLET *and* **MODERN DANCE**
TRAINING, MUSIC *and* **DRAMA**

Pupils prepared for
Matriculation or School Leaving Cert.
All Dancing, Music and Drama Examinations

Junior and Senior Students Courses

AT

"THE STUDIO"

31 EASTERN ROAD, ROMFORD, ESSEX

Phone ROMFORD 331

THE THEATRE DANCE SCHOOL

AT 33, NORTH AUDLEY ST., W.1 Phone: Mayfair 1697

Private lessons and students classes daily

Prospectus on Application to the Secretary

Regd. Office: "CHARTERS TOWERS," EAST GRINSTEAD, SUSSEX

Licensed Annually by the Surrey C.C. **Phone: Dormans Park 227**

THE SCHOOL OF RUSSIAN BALLET

(System of Legat)

Under the direction of John Gregory

Faculty:

BARBARA VERNON
ANGELO ANDES
JACK SPURGEON
MARIA ZYBINA
CONSUELO CARMONA

"A fairly new establishment for the education of dancers . . it has come well to the fore in a very short time"

SHOW BUSINESS

Special Three-Year Course For Students

Classes daily from 11 a.m. at St. Luke's South Hall, St. Luke's Street, Chelsea, S.W.3

Telephone Fremantle 1749

Signor Don Di Salvo has the pleasure to announce his new creative ballet

STRADIVARI

A modern and beautiful ballet in three acts incorporating all the attributes of a classique — emotional and poignant, colourful and imaginative, romantic and inspiring.

Copies of the sheet music for the PAS DE DEUX, "My Love is Divine", devised, written and composed by Don Di Salvo, are now available for the ballet lover, price 2/9d. post free.

DON DI SALVO

11 West Street, Cambridge Circus

London, W.C.2 Telephone: Tem. Bar. 9201, 4134

"BOOK SERVICE"

A few of the advantages offered:

1. *Any book obtained for you if not in stock.*
2. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*
3. *Your unwanted books purchased for cash or*
4. *Taken in exchange.*
5. *Half cost price allowed on all books purchased from us, if books taken in exchange.*
6. *One third purchase price allowed in cash.*
7. *Specialists in books on Theatres, Cinema, Ballet, Art, etc.*
8. *Lists of new publications and recent additions sent to you periodically. New lists available June 1st send 2½d. stamp if you wish your name to be added to our mailing list.*
9. *5% discount on all orders over £5.*
10. *10% discount to all Schools, Academies, etc. and students thereof. Any discount allowed is not applicable to new or current publications.*

Callers are cordially invited to come in and "browse"

10 Sicilian Av., Southampton Row
Holborn, W.C.1. Tel.: CHA 8669

Live joyously triumphantly, through YOGISM

which adapts dynamic Yoga success secrets to modern living. Free Trial Lesson explains how to relax and re-charge flagging energies. Learn Yoga techniques which positively develop abundant confidence, strength, personality. Whatever your present circumstances, age or sex, Yogism spells a better life, new opportunities.

YOGISM *definitely gives you*
Energy
Will-Power
Confidence
Self-Control
Independence

MIND OVER MATTER. Yogism is based on ancient secrets and modern science. Though simple to follow, it takes only 15 minutes daily. The results are so startling that you'll notice a change in yourself after applying the first Free Lesson. It packs new energy into your body, new confidence into your mind. It develops latent talents. Learn the secret of complete relaxation, how to revitalize yourself at any hour of the day, and develop the will-power and confidence to get things done.

ALTER YOUR FUTURE! Your fortune in life can be controlled. Obstacles that now seem overwhelming will be dwarfed by the new powers you'll quickly unfold with Yogism. You can begin to create your own future, plan and shape life more to the way you want it.

Send at once for YOUR Free Trial Lesson to the School of Yoga, 47A, Insight House, New Malden, Surrey—or post coupon below

YOUR FREE LESSON

Send me your FREE TRIAL LESSON absolutely without obligation, in plain sealed envelope.
(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

Name .....
(MR., MRS. OR MISS)

Address .....

N.B. Please enclose 5d. stamps postage.

School of Yoga 47A, INSIGHT HOUSE NEW MALDEN SURREY

LONDON'S LARGEST STAGE SUPPLIERS **LEFF & JASON**

FOR TARLATANS, SATINS, SATEENS, TAFFETAS, LACE, NETS, ORGANDIES, VELVETS, COTTONS, AND ALL FABRICS FOR STAGE FURNISHING AND THEATRICAL COSTUMES

Tarlatans.—Full range of colours, 38 in. wide, 2s. 11d. per yard. 48 in. wide, white only, 1s. 11d., 2s. 11d., and 3s. 11d.
Nets.—54 in. wide, 5s. 11d. per yard, in an extensive range of colours, including matching for our Tarlatans. Special white Ballet Net, 54 in. wide, 5s. 11d. per yard.
Satins.—Large range of colours, 36 in. wide, 4s. 11d. per yard.
Sateens.—36 in. wide. in a large range of colours, 3s. 11d. per yard.
Sateens, heavy quality, 54 in. wide, in black, beige, cream, grey, and brown, 4s. 11d. per yard.
Taffetas in an extensive range of colours, averaging 38 in. wide, 5s. 11d. per yard.
Spun.—Blue, pink, green, turquoise, rose, navy, and white, 36in. wide, 4s. 6d. per yard.

Please send stamped addressed envelope for patterns and latest price list. When sending for patterns please give PRECISE details of your requirements

SPECIAL OFFER
Tarlatan.—White, only. 36 in. wide. 1s. 6d. per yard,

Personal attention given and special lighting effects available on the premises

Business Hours :
Monday to Friday, 9 a.m.—6 p.m. Sunday, 9 a.m.—2 p.m.
Saturday—*Closed all day*

89 & 91 MIDDLESEX STREET, LONDON, E.1.
Tel : BIShopsgate 4011 & 7496 *Trains & Buses to Liverpool St.*

Exporters of theatrical materials to all parts of the world.

NOTED THROUGHOUT THE THEATRICAL WORLD

Suppliers of

Fabrics to Schools for Regulation and Practice Dresses and Uniforms

Selective Range of

NETS, TARLATANS, COTTONS, SILKS, ORGANDIES, SATINS, TAFFETAS, VELVETEENS AND MANY OTHER FABRICS

Patterns free on request

CALL, WRITE, TELEPHONE OR WIRE

EMPEE SILK FABRICS LTD.

DEPT. S. COMMERCE HOUSE

45 MIDDLESEX STREET, LONDON, E.1.

BIS 7464

Freed's

FAMOUS BALLET SHOES

as worn by :

MARGOT FONTEYN

PAMELA MAY

BERYL GREY

VIOLETTA ELVIN

MOIRA SHEARER

COLLETTE MARCHAND

94 St. Martin's Lane W.C.2 Temple Bar 1810

Contents of the June number of Ballet include—

C. W. Beaumont will write on "Ballabile" ● *Beryl de Zoete: The* 1,000,000 *mile Journey IV* ● *Lydia Sokolova on a story of Felix* ● *Edward Coton Ballet Girl of* 1950 *:II* ● *Second part of Lincoln Kirstein's article on Balanchine and American Ballet* ● *Second instalment of Richard Buckle's Adventures of a Ballet Critic* ● *More American paintings of Symbolic Realist School Drawings by Clave*

60 *Pages* — *Art Paper* — 2*s.* 6*d.*

Post free subscriptions : Six months 13*s. One year* 26*s.*

Mersey House 132-4 *Fleet Street* *London, E.C.*4

SADLER'S WELLS

Rosebery Avenue London E.C.1

General Manager and Licensee : George Chamberlain

Box Office : TERminus 1672

Evenings at 7 p.m. — Saturday Matinee at 2.30 p.m.

THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY in GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

Eight Week Season — May 22nd to July 15th

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET COMPANY

(ON TOUR)

May 22nd	The Arts	Cambridge
May 29th	New	Hull
June 5th	Embassy	Peterborough
June 12th	Royal	Norwich
June 19th	Royal	Brighton
June 26th	Pavilion	Bournemouth
July 3rd	Opera House	Cheltenham
July 10th	Open Air Theatre	Finsbury Park

Kindly mention "Dance and Dancers" when communicating with advertisers

DANCE AND DANCERS is published by the proprietors SPORT-IN-PRINT LTD., Editorial and Advertisement Officers, Mersey House, 132-4 Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4, (Tel.: CENtral 4321*). SPORT-IN-PRINT also publish BALLET, OPERA, HOLIDAY CAMP REVIEW, BOYS WORLD, SPEEDWAY GAZETTE, SPEEDWAY ECHO etc. DANCE AND DANCERS is printed in England by PAGE BROS. (Norwich) Ltd.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

(Manager C. S. Taylor)

VICTOR HOCHHAUSER

PRESENTS

SIX GALA PERFORMANCES OF **BALLET**

ALICIA MARKOVA
ANTON DOLIN

FULL CORPS DE BALLET

The London Symphony Orchestra

Conductor : LEIGHTON LUCAS

MONDAY JUNE 26th to SATURDAY JULY 1st

Nightly at 7·30 p.m.

THE FOLLOWING ITEMS WILL BE DANCED by MARKOVA and DOLIN each night owing to public demand :—

THE FIREBIRD SUITE by Stravinsky.
Choreography by FOKINE.
The Solo and Pas de Deux danced by MARKOVA and DOLIN.

THE DYING SWAN by Saint-Saëns.
Choreography by FOKINE.

BOLERO by Ravel.
Choreography by ANTON DOLIN.

THE NUTCRACKER by Tchaikovsky.
Choreography by PETIPA and IVANOFF. *(Ballet in one act).*

FIESTA by Mariami.
Choreography by ANNA RICARDA.

Music from the Ballet will include The Swan Ballet Suite by Tchaikovsky etc.

Tickets price 2/6; 5/-; 7/6; 12/6; and 15/- obtainable from the Box Office, Royal Albert Hall (Kensington 8212), or from all agents.